Unconventional Therapy

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Unconventional Therapy

by DarkmoonSigel, sku7314977

Summary

Upon noticing that Will has been having some difficulty separating his mind from the monsters he's made to chase, Hannibal makes a rather unexpected suggestion for some uncommon therapy to help the empath unwind.

Notes

I wrote the fic for reasons; most of which being Nigel.... :B

Then DMS decided that she loved the hell out of it so I'm gifting it to her.

That is all.

I OWN NOTHING!!!

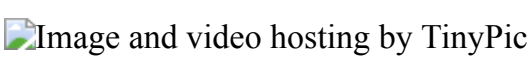
Beta read by DarkmoonSigel

EDIT - Since DarkmoonSigel has been putting so much effort into these for me and really raising the bar with them (adding content and making them downright fucking beautiful) I am changing this to a co-author fic. C:

Thank her for the wonderful edits she makes~<3

See the end of the work for more notes

An Unexpected Suggestion



Sanguine eyes followed the tense form of the empath as Will walked in, forgoing his usual place before Hannibal's bookshelves to stare out one of the large windows of his office. The Baltimore's overcast sky cast a pale light around the profiler, making his unruly dark curls a halo of sorts. It created the illusion of a renaissance angel with all soft angles and pale skin lit up from within.

"You seem tense." Hannibal observed as he memorized the finer details of the scene presented to him. It was worthy of his attention and time to sketch later on.

"When am I not?" Will scoffed, shifting from one foot to the other with anxious energy, "Jack's got me wound so tight around the Ripper case I've all but stopped sleeping. Even when I do, it's never for long,"

Will ran shaking hands down his weary face, scruff rough against his palms as he tried to rub out some of the mentioned fatigue along with the grit from his eyes, "And I don't think I've had a decent meal that wasn't provided by you in over a month" He admitted ruefully, sending a crooked smile over in Hannibal's direction. It was his subtle attempt at gratitude, because words were really hard at the moment for him. He could feel them sleeping on his tongue, groggy when he forced them to emerge from his mouth.

The good doctor inclined his head in consideration. This sort of news was nothing new to him. Keeping close tabs on it, Hannibal was more aware of Will's declining health, both mentally and physically, than anyone else. It was a result of Jack's constant pushing, insomnia, and general lack of appetite, Will's body was unable to recoup the energy it was expending. As time wore on, the price of Will's overworked mind was becoming more prevalent in his physique as it wilted, making the man appear almost gaunt when presented in the right light. Beneath the layers of cheap flannel and cotton Will chose to dress himself with for comfort, Hannibal was certain there were more sharp contours of bone and lean muscle starved thin.

Eventually something would have to be done about Will. It was a shame really. Though Hannibal deeply enjoyed winding Will up and watching him go, he had long since realized that Will was quite possibly the only one capable of understanding him for who and what he was. Where Jack had floundered about for years trying to seek out him out as the Ripper, Will was the only one capable of being a true threat to his freedom.

Like an apprentice might study his master's work to learn his techniques, Will had dissected his kills to find the meaning and motive behind them. He had skillfully painted his own picture of the Chesapeake Ripper when others were still dabbling in finger paint. Whether Will realized it or not, there was admiration and even a touch of awe in his voice whenever he described the Ripper to Hannibal who quietly preened when Will used such descriptors as

‘art’, ‘elegance’, and ‘grace’. It was enough to make Hannibal want to hold Will beneath him by the throat and own him.

“Tell me, Will, what is it you’ve been doing to separate yourself from the monsters Jack sends you after once your work is completed?” Hannibal asked, already knowing the answer. If it didn’t pertain to dogs, Will was inconsistent at best about his own personal needs.

Hands in his pockets, Will stared out the window at the clouded sky rather than answering right away. Though Hannibal couldn’t see the profiler’s face, he knew Will’s eyes would be unfocused, gaze locked onto the distance of nothing in particular.

“Working for the FBI isn’t the same as teaching. I don’t have the amount of free time I did before…” Will answered honestly. His voice fell for a moment as he thought back to what he liked to do with his evenings when they were his. Such a simple question but it made him stumble over his words. Lately he had been losing himself to the inner details of cases even while working on his fishing lures and boat motors. There truly was no rest for the wicked, Will mused to himself before attempting to expand further on the topic. “Drinking mostly… playing with the pack.”

Shoulders tense from his confession, Will shuffled his feet, refusing to look over at Hannibal. He knew he would find no approval there within his unofficial therapist about the drinking, not when the alcohol was being abused to take the sharper edges from his nightmares. Such practices brought the spirit too close to the gateway to alcoholism, and Will was well on his way to paying the ferryman for a permanent vacation of cheap whiskey.

“Will, I think it is time you found something to lose yourself in after your day has come to its end, something that will pull your thoughts away from the killers who linger within you. At the very least, you must force your body to physically relax. The mind will soon follow.” Hannibal said to hear the profiler openly scoff. “You don’t believe that such an activity exists, but I assure you there are plenty of activities to choose from. I myself enjoy cooking, amongst other things, to lose myself in after work.”

“I’m not much of a cook Hannibal. Never have been.” Will said, already losing interest as his gaze settled again somewhere along the horizon “My mind doesn’t un-focus so easily either. If and when I cook, and I stress the ’if’ here, I’m not chopping vegetables. I’m taking off fingers or slicing throats. I‘ve been chasing after too many cannibals of late. Meat is no longer an appealing concept to me.” By the end, his words were being spat out. Will felt constantly betrayed by his own mind, his anger like a venom that seeped through him, leaving the man weak and shaking.

“An example of myself only, Will, I assure you.” Hannibal amended when the profiler fell into silence once again. “I was thinking something much more intense for you, something that would be all consuming so that your mind will not wander;”

Paused, Hannibal let a thin smile pull at the corners of his mask while Will wasn‘t looking over at him. “I believe it would be in your best interest to consider partaking in regular sexual activities.” he said, carefully presenting the intimate suggestion in a blasé manner. He delighted in seeing Will’s spine go rigid with shock.

“You want me to what?” Will yelped. It was enough to make him do a double take, turning his attention from the window to Hannibal and back again. On his part, Hannibal appeared to be impassive about the whole thing, the good doctor having already sequestered his smile back under the confines of his mask.

“I am not in the habit of repeating myself.” Hannibal answered coolly, leveling a look over at Will for being so intentionally obstinate.

“You can’t be serious,” Will said as he turned to face the man completely, though his eyes only got as far as the Winsor knot in a paisley tie. In response, Hannibal tilted his head in that ever slight fashion he was prone to when considering something.

“Have I given the impression that I am not? I am being completely serious.” Came the words Will had not been anticipated, his eyes filling with a range of intense emotions that made Hannibal wish the man was closer to him to better see the spectrum. “It is a well-practiced method of relaxation, Will, and one I believe you would benefit greatly from.”

“You want me to get laid?” Will said the words slowly and carefully, still hoping that he had somehow misunderstood something somewhere along the line of their conversation. When it appeared that he had not, Will’s final expression settled into one of exasperation.

“Well, I don’t know if you’ve noticed, Doctor, but there isn’t exactly anyone lining up to help me out there. Not unless you count the therapists looking to write a thesis about my way of thinking. They‘re always more than willing to fuck me over.” Will laughed dismissively, the noise dark, rough, and without any trace of humor.

Rude, Hannibal thought, but knew that Will was always that way when he got scared. Fear preyed on Will’s mind too frequently, making his scent sour and sharp. Hannibal wondered what the empath would smell like when he was all warm and settled up against a lover. It made Hannibal look forward to what Will smelled like when he felt safe.

“I said you should consider partaking in regular sexual activities. I did not recommend finding a stranger on the street and bringing them home, though I believe such practices are not so uncommon.” Hannibal reiterated, nonchalantly wiping away some imaginary dust from his slacks.

“So you’re recommending that I masturbate?” Will questioned in disbelief, turning away from Hannibal to the bookshelves. “I can’t believe we’re having this conversation.”

Rising from his seat, Hannibal allowed Will a few moments of privacy to consider his words, turning his back to the profiler as he filled two glasses with a rather delightful pinot noir.

“Masturbation is a well-known method of relaxation. The endorphins give you a sense of wellbeing, and it can assist with insomnia. I believe a good night rest would do wonders for your mentality.” Hannibal said lightly as he pressed the glass of red into Will’s hand, the man muttering his thanks, lifting the glass to his lips to take a too large sip.

“Orgasm is a little hard to achieve when all you can think about is corpses.” Will sighed into the wine.

“Then perhaps you should try yourself with a partner. They could be a distraction for your mind to focus on.” Hannibal provided answer, sampling the heady aroma of the pinot noir. He enjoyed the subtle hints of floral notes in the fruity aroma before tasting the liquid silk of the wine. “Go to a bar after work, and enjoy a beer in the casual atmosphere. You don’t have to take someone home, Will. Just look for someone with whom you would like to be with. If nothing else, it will give you something to think about in the evenings instead of dead bodies.”

It was terrible advice of course. Will was solitary by nature due to his ‘gift’. A bar filled with people with their own particular desperate needs would be a fresh hell for him. More than likely if Will chose to take Hannibal advice to heart, he would be quickly overwhelmed by the bar’s patrons and would be forced to leave before any sort of human connection could be made. After such an endeavor, he would come back to tell Hannibal of his failures. It would be the perfect, carefully crafted moment for Hannibal to offer up his own services to Will while the man was feeling vulnerable and unwanted.

“You’re serious.” Will tried to confirm, even going so far as to make eye contact, his grey blue gaze searching the depths of maroon for the bad punch line to the joke of him.

“Very.” Hannibal nodded as he offered up the barest smile of reassurance. “Certainly no harm can come from the experience. It will be a simple exercise of the imagination, though a little socialization would certainly do you good.”

Hannibal was confident that Will would take his advice though the profiler’s instincts would be screaming at him to do otherwise. Will’s extreme empathy wouldn’t allow him to just take any random person home, not with Will noticing every little detail and putting together a profile about them. Even if Will somehow managed to convince himself to do so, Will’s own peculiarities would ensure that nothing would happen, eye contact or lack there of in Will’s case alone working against him.

The new mental scarring would be glorious, the deepening of Will’s depression an insured thing. More importantly, the physical rejection alone would leave Will wounded and left wide open to the unethical advances of his unofficial therapist. After being dismissed for one reason or another so often by so many, acceptance would not only be overwhelming but welcome to Will. By the time the good doctor was done with him, Will would be willing to let Hannibal carve his name into the younger man’s back if it meant he could feel wanted.

There was a long pause of silence after that, Hannibal sipping his wine as he watched Will fight with himself internally, obviously weighing the validity of the advice in his mind

“Fine.” was the word to at last break the silence, Will downing the wine like it was a shot of cheap whisky before handing Hannibal the glass. Grabbing his jacket, Will was already well on his way out the door with mission in mind. “But I’m only trying this once.”

Amused and allowing himself to show it having no one left to bear witness to it, Hannibal watched him go, the door closing softly behind Will. He could have such good manners when he wanted to. With a smile sharp enough to cut glass, Hannibal regarded what was left of his wine with a deeply thoughtful yet pleased look.

“Only once, dear Will, because the rejection will break you. All the better for me to remake you into something better.”

OoOoO

Try as he might, Will couldn’t make it though his first drink before he decided it was time to leave. The bar’s atmosphere was too thick with aggression and a sexual buzz that carried an undertone of depression to it, all of which made him nauseous. It was far too much for the sensitive empath to handle, a headache already threatening to bloom at the base of his neck and raise merry hell there.

“What the hell was I thinking?” Will griped at himself as he hunched his shoulder. He wished he’d worn a thicker jacket to ward off the evening cold as a sharp wind blew through the thinning fabric. He had nearly three blocks to walk to get back to his car, and was now cursing himself every step of the way. On top of being aggravated, Will got to be half frozen as well. A perfect ending to his day, and one he should have expected.

Why had he let Hannibal convince him to try this foolish endeavor? Will knew himself, knew that he should have known better, and yet he’d gone to a bar, ordered a beer, taken two sips from it, and ending up leaving. Why? To say that he’d done it so that the subject of his sexual activities and social interactions would never have to come up again or be cause for concern. It didn’t make it hurt any less though.

Will knew he was a social exile. He’d known that before leaving the office, that no one would be going home with him tonight. His mind wouldn’t let him look at people that way, physically and mentally couldn’t. When he saw an individual, Will didn’t see the possibility of a social acquaintance. He saw how much they hated their job, who they were sleeping with, how many children they had and if they beat said children, etc, so on, and so forth. His empathy had never brought him anything good before relationship wise. He certainly didn’t see it helping him out now with a casual fuck.

Walking with his head down and collar up against the wind, Will didn’t see the other person at all until their bodies collided. The stranger was sent stumbling back when Will walking into him, the profiler mumbling an apology as he walked off at a quicker pace. Chilled to the bone, Will’s only real concern was getting into the warmth of his car. The hand on his shoulder that spun him around was unexpected.

”You need to watch where you’re going, you rude piece of shit.” said the man who loomed over him now as Will confronted the source of his rough handling. His training as a cop kept him upright and ready to react, but a sudden shock like a blow to the gut did a number on Will as his gaze settled on his attacker’s face. The bizarre thing that stole Will’s words and stayed his hands was that the smooth command was coming from someone who wore Hannibal‘s face and spoke with his voice. “I think you owe me a fucking apology.”

“D-doctor Lecter?” Will stammered. He hadn’t expect to find the refined therapist in this part of town, closer to the night clubs and cheap bars than the opera houses and art galleries Will knew Hannibal preferred. Yet here he was, dressed in dark jean and tan leather coat, both articles of clothing running starkly against his usual style of well tailored suits. Even more

surprising still was the lit cigarette held in hand, the end of it caught between thin lips as the man pulled a long drag from the smoke.

As the name left Will's lips, a smile that was too bold to be natural for the refined man in Will's mind met the profiler in greeting. Brow furrowing in confusion, Will turned his eyes upward, studying the tattoo on the man's neck before meeting maroon eyes familiar in color but not content.

No, not Hannibal. Someone else. An imposter.

"Who are you?" Will more demanded then asked, no tact applied his question as he studied the man who was not Hannibal from head to toe for answers. The most obvious one being was that Hannibal had a brother, a twin to be exact, though he had never mentioned having one before.

As unbelievable as it seemed, there was no denying those cut cheek bones or reddish brown eyes, the unique shade of which Will never thought he would see more than once in a lifetime. The hair was the same mixture of ash, burnished gold, and silver, but was kept longer and less tended to than Hannibal's. The locks fell forward just enough to soften those sharp masculine facial features to keep them from being too hard. The man's smile stretched thin and wide in a more relaxed greeting, the cigarette left to hang from familiar lips as the man seemed to more pose for Will rather than loom over him, though they were roughly the same height. Yet another ability the imposter shared with Hannibal.

"Nigel Lecter at your service, and you must be Will Graham. What a small world we live in. My dear brother has told me all about you."

Pappy Van Winkle

Chapter by sku7314977

Chapter Summary

Nigel is a flirtatious thing and Will doesn't know what to do with himself.

Chapter Notes

I hope you all enjoy reading this chapter as much as I enjoyed writing it, has to be one of my favorite pieces to date.

I own nothing

Beta read, edited and perfected by DarkmoonSigel (thank you for fixing the bar scene and making Nigel sex personified)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The hand that had been fisted in Will's jacket just moments ago was now smoothing the material down over his shoulder, holding the same fluid grace of his therapist in its movements. Echoes of Hannibal could be seen further still in Nigel as a strange humor filled the twin's face, Nigel tilting his head to the side in consideration at Will much as Hannibal had done earlier that day.

The resemblance between the two was strikingly eerie, a number of small quirks and ticks evidently shared by the men, though it was hardly uncommon to find such similarities in twins. That being said, the differences between Nigel and Hannibal were stark, like graffiti painted on a church, the most prominent thing being that Nigel liked to smile.

It was a small thing but it made Will look deeper, daring to meet eyes he knew so well up to a point. Nigel and Hannibal shared the same strange eye color, but in Will's quiet opinion, Nigel wore it better as dark eyes flicked up and down his body. While Hannibal's eyes tended to run more opaque and cold, the reddish brown color set in Nigel's irises was rich and warm in tone.

As Will studied the man standing before him, he knew that Nigel was returning the favor. Will found he surprisingly didn't mind. It wasn't that kind of stare, the one he was used to from others. Nigel wasn't looking at him like he was strange or a means to an end, like the basis of a paper or a tool to catch killers. He was looking at Will like he was a piece of ass

that he was seriously thinking about fucking up against the wall. Will had seen such a look on others often enough to recognize it, but it had certainly never been directed his way before.

Extreme empathy working for and against him, Will tried not to blush under the man's scrutiny as he continued his own. Feeling like an idiot for having to tell himself that, the first thing Will noticed about the man was that Nigel seemed to be unguarded with his emotions, unafraid to smile when it suited him, and unlike his brother's 'now you see them, now you don't' micro expressions, Nigel's facial quirks were big and bright with dark humor. His grin alone spread out across his entire face to crinkle skin in an appealing manner, making his eyes sparkle warmly with odd points of embedded red. Cool, calm, and ever so collected, Hannibal was a miser with his expressions, the twist of his lips, whether it be a smile or a frown, were small and discrete, barely there and entirely unnoticeable unless you knew how to read the man.

"And what has he told you about me?" Will asked, finally driven to words. The way Nigel was looking at him, he felt he had to say something. With anyone else, Will could easily imagine how that conversation would have gone, what topics it consisted of, and even the exchange of words between the two people involved to a fairly accurate degree. Most people's interest of him lied in his strange cocktail of neurological disorders, the ones that made him such a brilliant profiler for killers and other sorts of crazy. He also knew how those conversations went because half the time they were spoken right in front of him like Will was not in the room or already a specimen in their mind.

When it came to Hannibal though, Will found he wasn't entirely sure how that topic of him would be discussed, if at all in depth. His peculiar doctor showed no more interest in Will's disorders other than how to deal with them or work with them to improve the quality of Will's life. If anything, Hannibal was more like a friend trying to keep him sane rather than his therapist.

With one last pull from his cigarette, Nigel flicked the butt away to roll into the streets, blowing out a cloud of blue grey smoke. Will found himself watching the cloud be carried away by the wind.

"Nothing bad, I assure you." Nigel said in a low voice, the same smooth accent as Hannibal's sexualizing his words so they came out sounding filthy. It made Will shiver though Nigel thought it was from the cold. An arm was thrown around his shoulders, Will suddenly pressed close to Nigel's side, the man using his body to break up some of the wind's chill. It served a dual purpose, the closeness making it easier for Nigel to walk Will back in the direction of the bar scene he had just left.

"Why don't I buy you a drink and we can talk about it? I'd love to hear what Hanni's been up to." Nigel purred in Will's ear, reminding the empath just how close the other man was to him. Never one for prolonged physical contact, especially from a stranger, Will could already feel himself going stiff under the unfamiliar grip upon him. The odd nickname for his refined doctor was enough to give Will reason to pause in his escape.

Instead of shoving the other man off of him like he normally would, Will let himself be guided like a date, down a set of stairs and into a higher end bar than he had previously been in, or ever stepped foot in really. It was dimly lit as any other bar, but the furnishings were

real leather and dark wood, and the floors weren't sticky and polished to a high sheen. Most of the patrons here were male and wore suits, so Will could only presume it was a gentleman's club of some sort. It was a hell of a lot quieter than the dive he had previously been in, soft jazz being played live yet discreetly so as the background music. This place smelled better as well, less like depression, spilled beer, and vomit, and more like expensive colognes, herbaceous gins, and finely made cigars.

Will was seated at a small table in a corner by Nigel and told to stay there, far away from the circulation of bodies and potential threats of conversation, his back placed to two walls. It was a small thing, but something Will was very grateful for. He hated it when people stood behind him, feeling safer and far more comfortable here than he had been before.

His eyes tracked Nigel as the man stalked…there was really no other word for it…stalked through the bar, people moving out of his way like it the most natural thing in the world. Taking a deep breath as he watched Nigel order their drinks, Will braced himself for an hour of awkward social interaction that would ultimately end in an even more awkward conversation with Hannibal with Will attempting to explain what he had said to frighten his brother away. He was not looking forward to this.

"Hanni tells me you're a whiskey fan. I don't know your pick of poison so I hope you'll forgive me for getting one of my favorites." Nigel said upon his return, carrying two snifters filled two fingers high with rich amber liquid as he took a seat across from Will. The offered glass was cradled in Will's hands, the empath carefully keeping his eyes upon the play of whisky and how it clung silken to the sides of its container.

"That's fine, thank you. I'm not choosy. For curiosity's sake, what am I about to drink?" Will asked, lifting up the snifter to note the double pour. He tried to decide if Nigel was trying to get him drunk or if the man just enjoyed his liquor. From the grin on Nigel's face, Will was willing to bet both as he took a tentative sip. Will knew instantly that it was better quality booze that he was used to, the bourbon practically evaporating on his tongue like an angel's kiss of smoke if smoke tasted like vanilla, maple, honey, and heaven.

"Pappy Van Winkle." Nigel said, enjoying Will's quiet appreciation who was familiar with the brand though he had never partaken of it other than once while at Hannibal's after dinner. That alone told him of the quality and rough price of the spirit, Will keeping his gaze trained up the play of liquid gold in the dim mood lighting.

"Strange name, but they got the important part right." Nigel continued, grinning to himself about something as he took a deep swallow like it were water and not around a grand a bottle.

"It's good. Thank you." Will sighed, slightly annoyed that another trait was shared by the brothers. They obviously both had a love for the finer things in life and the money to freely spent on it, even if their tastes ran in different directions. He would have to make a point of buying the next round to keep them on equal footing. A hum almost like a laugh drew Will's wayward gaze from his drink to the man sitting across from him, lounging in his chair like it were a throne.

"He wasn't kidding….but then, he rarely does. Hanni's tends to leave that stick lodged up his ass. In the days of our impetuous youth, he used to be a lot more fun." Nigel chuckled, the

sound of it only deepening when Will furrowed his brow in question. His eyes only got as far as Nigel‘s collar, noting how good the buttery tan leather looked against the white button down underneath it. Rough fingers stained with nicotine and smelling of gunpowder caught Will‘s chin, making him look up all the way.

“Hannibal told me you didn’t like eyes.” Nigel answered the unspoken question, holding Will’s stare with a hooded look of his own now that he had it. “Which is a damn shame considering yours are lovely enough to wound.”

Shaking his head to free himself, Will turned away with a glare, feeling suddenly very uncomfortable. Hearing another deep throated chuckle from his company, his gaze fell upon Nigel’s hands and went no further.

They had the familiar bone structure and vein pattern under tanned skin. Will had made a study of Hannibal’s hands often enough to know, but Nigel’s fingers moved in such an unfamiliar way, curling around the cut glass without any of the gentle grace the doctor incorporated into each and every one of his movements. Hannibal moved with the careful poise of a professional dancer while Nigel moved with the languid, boneless grace of a stripper.

“How did you know it was me?” Will asked Nigel‘s hands, his eyes only going as far as the wrists. He knew Nigel was watching him, could feel it, the man reading Will in his own way as he took another drink of his whiskey, draining the glass dry in one swallow that made Will wince. He had an idea now of how Hannibal felt when the connoisseur watched him drink his wine at dinner.

“Like I said, Hanni’s told me all about you.” Nigel said, his tone a touch smug about his superior knowledge. One of those strong hands reached across the table’s short distance to clink his empty glass against Will’s still way too full own. “If you don’t drink that, how am I going to buy you another one?”

Eyes darting up to take in the upturned corners of Nigel’s smile, Will didn’t know how to respond to that, so much attention being focused on him. “I’ll buy the next round,” Will offered, draining his glass in one go. He was in some desperate need of courage before attempting to fall back into conversation. “What has he told you?”

“Hold that thought, darling.” Nigel said, the endearment coming off his lips easily as he rose out of his seat, like he had been calling Will that all his life. All Will could do was watch as Nigel returned to the bar, passing an impressive wad of hundred dollar bills to the bartender in exchange for a bottle of what they were drinking. The back of his neck getting uncomfortably warm and sticky, Will wasn’t sure how he felt about Nigel spending that much money on the alcohol or on him. He also knew now that Nigel was definitely trying to get him drunk. Will snorted at that thought. Nigel was in for a rude surprise then because Will had spent the better part of a decade pickling his liver in rotgut.

“What’s so funny?” Nigel asked, retaking his seat to pour them another round.

“Nothing.” Will shrugged, taking a generous sip of his drink which was well more than a double now that Nigel was free pouring for them both. He may have mixed feelings about

strange men buying him really expensive alcohol, but Will was not one to waste such things. He would always question the gift horse, but he wasn‘t about to complain about its teeth. “I told you that I was buying the next round. On top of that, I’ve held my thought long enough so give me your answer.”

“He told me that you were the poor bastard ‘gifted’ with seeing into others people’s minds. That you knew how they thought just by looking at them.” Nigel expanded. That remark caught Will by surprise, partially because he heard the quiet distain held within the quotation marks around the word ‘gifted’. Most people held a sincere interest in his unique abilities though few understood them.

“You don’t think it’s a gift?” Will tested as he made a study of Nigel’s cheekbones and nose. They were a little bit more tanned and scarred than Hannibal’s.

“I don’t envy anyone who has to look at other people’s dirty laundry.” Nigel said softly, liking how distracted Will looked at he studied his face. Calloused fingers caught Will by his chin once again, forcing skittish eyes to meet his own. “And I don’t let my dates buy their own fucking drinks, especially when they are as beautiful as you are.”

Stunned into compliance for the moment, the calloused pad of Nigel’s thumb caught Will’s bottom lip, brushing over the sensitive skin of it as maroon eyes so close to Hannibal’s own bore into startled blue grey, drinking in Will as though he were the liquor being savored between them instead of good whiskey.

It was such a simple touch and yet the gesture held more intimacy within it than Will had experienced in years, stirring up a heat that bottomed out in his belly. The sudden pressure and heat of blood moving southward made his cock twitch, Will suddenly glad that they had a few drinks in them. A lot could be blamed on alcohol and forgiven afterward.

With Nigel’s gaze so close and locked in on his own, Will couldn’t help but see through the window presented to him, the peeking in on a soul. Even if he’d wanted to, Will couldn’t stop himself from seeing Nigel for what he was. A very bad man was caressing his lip, someone who took great enjoyment in violence, reveled in the chaos of it. This was a man who expected complete submission from those around him, the alpha of his metaphorical pack, one who would fight…would kill anyone who got in his way. A monster wearing a person suit was looking at Will with a feral hunger, open and awing in its presence. It was a look so visceral and carnal, it made Will’s skin burn and his groin ache, his cock pressing up to the front of his jeans.

And then it was over, Nigel letting Will go to lean back in his seat like nothing had happened. Released and allowed to break off the overwhelming eye contact between them, Will was left to collect himself the best he could while being still watched. Gracelessly, he chose to hunch over his drink and will his hard on away, keeping it hidden under the table.

“Has he told you anything else about me?” Will ventured, busying himself with his drink.

“Oh yes…” The words sounded like a come on as they left Nigel’s mouth like verbal silk, Will refusing to look over at him. He could feel the man’s stare upon him, making the little

hairs on his body stand on end. “You like dogs and fishing. You eat at Hanni’s table often enough to merit a room there, and you work as a teacher.”

That was a lot more information that Will was expecting, the empath risking an upward glance to see a smirk tugging at the corners of thin lips. “I believe he mentioned something about you being a part time FBI agent as well. That you catch killers for a living.”

“I‘m surprised I didn‘t feel my ears burning. I didn’t realize I was such a popular topic of conversation for the good doctor.” Will snorted. If he were being honest with himself, Will could admit that he was impressed that Hannibal had managed to convey so much information about him and somehow managed it without making him sound crazy. That or Nigel knew the details of his neuroses and didn’t care. Either were a refreshing possibilities.

“Popular enough for me to know you when you ran into me.” Nigel chuckled as he shifted in his seat. The warmth of a leg stretching out to touch his own under the table brought Will’s mind back to the hunger he’d seen in those red eyes. As socially stunted as Will knew he was, even he could tell that Nigel wasn’t hinting about his interest in him. He was being downright forward about it, though he’d heard enough about Will from Hannibal that he should have been cautious. He had to know that Will was wired wrong in the head and this was a bad idea. The intrusive leg parting his own under the table told Will that Nigel was very keen on the idea of getting laid tonight, and he definitely wanted to include Will in on that venture as a participant.

After three years of celibacy, Will had to admit the offer was more than a little tempting, especially after being rejected by Alana for being too unstable. Though he had never been with a man before, his cock was defiantly casting its vote on the matter, telling him that it was ready and willing to go along with the idea.

“That still doesn’t seem fair. I didn’t even know Doctor Lecter had a brother, much less a twin. Does my ignorance appeal to you?” Will countered, trying his hand at flirting. He hoped he was hitting the mark, or at the very least, the borders of the target. Nigel’s eyes lighting up told Will that he must have done something right, the man looking delighted now that Will had decided to actively engage.

“Not at all, though I‘m not opposed to bliss in any form. You took one look at me and read me like a book. Not too many people are able to do what you do, and so well. That and you knew my brother narrows it down considerably.” Nigel said. In a smooth movement, he pushed his chair around the table, bringing himself closer to Will in an instant. The smell of tobacco and whiskey was strong on his breath as the very, bad man invaded more of Will’s personal space, the heat of his thigh pressed against Will’s own. Matters were tangled up even more when Nigel draped his arm around Will’s shoulders like before.

“You look like your sketches, only in color. Hanni’s always had an eye for detail.” The words were pressed softly into Will’s ear by lips that were suddenly too close. The silken gaze of them against sensitive skin and dark curl made Will’s stomach flip and his head swim with arousal and confusion. What did Nigel mean about sketches? Will knew all about Hannibal’s talent as an artist, but it had never crossed his mind that he might be the subject matter of one. That worrisome thought was cut short when the lobe of Will’s ear was caught between

crooked teeth. The pinch of flesh did terrible things to Will's resolve. The words that followed obliterated the remainder of his defenses.

"Soft skin I want to taste every inch of." Nigel murmured dark and low as he pressed a kiss to curve of Will's jaw, following each compliment with another. "…An angel's face with eyes like a coming storm. I want to pull you over the edge, gorgeous, and drown you in my black heart."

Taking a deep breath as adoration was being placed to his skin by wandering lips as strong hands held him in place, Will poured another two fingers of whiskey, and then poured another two before shooting it all back. He took it upon himself to finish Nigel's glass as well, even while the monster pretending to be a man chuckled and nipped marks into his throat. If he was going to do this though, a very important question had to be asked, and the answer clearly established.

Fortified by too much alcohol all at once, Will turned his head to stare straight into Nigel‘s eyes, the man leaving up his kisses to meet his gaze with an equally serious expression.

"How do you feel about dogs?" Will asked, watching as Nigel tried to maintain a somber expression and failed. The grin that won out held a hunger turned starvation within it, too much teeth being exposed to be considered friendly or innocent. There was no misunderstanding about what they were going to do to and with one another.

"Darling, I fucking love them."

Chapter End Notes

Your kudo's are shooting back doubles of whiskey, your comments are trying to figure out which twin to ride.

Your Place or Mine?

Chapter Summary

Nigel takes Will back to his place.

Chapter Notes

We wrote the sex. You go on and enjoy that. ;D

We own nothing!!!

Written/proofed/edited/loved by us!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They never made it to Will's little house deep in the middle of Virginia's bumfuck nowhere. The pair was far too drunk to attempt the long drive out to Wolf Trap. Instead at Will's insistence, they settled on taking a cab to Nigel's place of residence at the moment for this endeavor. His home turned out to be quite familiar to Will much to his surprise. It took many repeated promises of a certain person's absence to convince Will to even move a toe or allow Nigel to pull him out of the cab.

Struggling to walk on numb legs with a strong arm around his waist and a possessive hand on his hip to keep him upright, Nigel kept a firm grip on Will to keep him from running. Producing a key from his jacket pocket, they entered the opulent Baltimore home belonging to none other than one Doctor Hannibal Lecter.

"I-I still don't feel right about this." Will stammered, staring about like a deer caught in headlights as he was led upstairs. Nigel impatiently tugging at him to keep up, Will found himself wincing as they passed by the guest room he usually stayed in to be pulled into another, just as beautifully furnished. It didn't help matters that Will could read Hannibal in everything wherever he looked, the man's style engraved like a signature all around them from the textured ceilings to the polished floors.

More used to his surroundings than Will was or just not giving a shit, Nigel threw his coat over a chair and stripped Will of his own as well for good measure. The man looked less than thrilled about being here. Nigel decided the quicker that they got naked, the less likely the chances of Will suddenly leaving.

“Hannibal is my friend and my therapist. This goes far above and beyond unethical.” Will worried aloud, running sweaty palms up and down the front of his pants. This was a horrible idea. Given the option, Will would much rather be fucked somewhere far less unsettling, like a church pew or the Ripper’s latest crime scene. At least then it would feel like he was violating fewer rules and codes of conduct.

“Why? Because I’m his brother or because this is his house?” Nigel snorted, throwing Will’s jacket well out of reach to land on top of his own. Moving fast, he was on Will in an instant, catching the nervous man by his waist with strong hand to pull him close.

“Both, I guess….mostly the house.” Will managed to drunkenly confess, becoming distracted by a body being pressed to his own, hard with more muscle than Will had originally anticipated. Not that he had a lot to go on. Hannibal wore multiple layers like armor made of fine silk, brushed wool, and exotic linens. Will barely had time to run clumsy hands up and down toned arms before he was being crushed between a body and a wall, thin lips consuming him in a bruising kiss. Gasping as strong hands took him by the ass to lift him up and keep him pinned in place, Will‘s legs were forced to wrap around Nigel’s tapered waist. The very bad man took full advantage of the new position, walking them both quickly to the bed. Back hitting the mattress, Will yelped in surprise when Nigel tipped them over onto it, keeping himself over Will and caged in his limbs.

“Don’t worry yourself about the house, darling. I’ll handle Hanni as well. Trouble yourself with me. Focus on the moment that lies here between us.” Nigel soothed, combing his fingers through the anxious man’s hair to grip at silken curls because he liked the feel of them running through his fingers. Pressing the man into the mattress to keep him still, Nigel took his time ravishing Will, moving fevered, open mouthed kisses from his mouth to his throat. Nigel’s teeth and tongue left a wet trail of amethysts and rubies from Will’s jaw to his clavicle, bruises already springing up from his attention to stand out starkly against pale skin.

“Are you sure-” Will cried out, interrupting himself as his insecurities were broken down by sharp teeth. Nigel’s sharp teeth cut through his skin in punishment, sucking thick beads of whiskey saturated blood from the younger man’s neck as the bad man sharply dug his fingers into the mounds of a soft ass.

“I told you not to worry about it, darling.” Nigel growled, a broad tongue lapping at the thin wounds. The dark noise of it made Will shudder against him, Nigel pressing down upon him in the same motion to make Will grow still. The weight baring down on him grounded Will, making this somehow more real to him.

“I will handle my brother.” Nigel murmured as he took Will’s face into both his hands, cupping the man’s face to force direct eye contact between them, the kind that sent Will reeling. It was something Will seemed feverishly determined to deny. “ The only thing I want you to focus your pretty little mind on, darling, is me.”

Satisfied that he had Will‘s full attention now, Nigel released Will with a nod, pulling the white shirt up and off over his head. It gave Will the opportunity to see all the hardened flesh held above him, the bits of which he had felt beneath fabric. His own erection let itself be more prominently known, reminding Will that he was still very overdressed for this.

Swallowing hard, Will let his drunken eyes linger over a gruesome scar that marred Nigel's left side, showing ghost white up against the rest of his body's tanned flesh. Taking his fill of that, Will moved on to other tantalizing sights. Silvering chest hair trailed down, the hair leading Will's eyes from the dip of Nigel's navel to the tented material of the man's dark jean, his hardened cock still hidden beneath too much clothing.

"That's it, my darling." Nigel purred, the delicious sound of it making Will's eyes find their way back up to the man addressing him. Savage lust marked those maroon eyes, making them spark bright and hold points of crimson within their depths. "I want your entire focus on me."

"You're a little narcissistic, aren't you?" Will panted out, trying not to give in entirely to this, whatever this was. This didn't feel like some casual fuck, at least not to Will though he had very little insight in such matters. This somehow felt darker and more binding than a one night stand. Groaning, Will tried to turn away, cursing himself for not insisting they go to a motel or something. Will wasn't given the chance to move very far or really at all, Nigel trapping him against the soft satin duvet beneath them, the warm hard body of the predator like a cage of flesh and ill intent above him.

"Not narcissistic, gorgeous. I just want the same attention that I'm about to give you. Is that so much to ask?" Nigel said, capturing the front of Will's throat with his teeth to bite down in warning about it. When Will quit trying to squirm out from under him, Nigel let his small violence ease up into another rough kiss, one that left fresh bruises behind. Feeling fingers venture downwards, Will's belt was loosened and his fly opened, the man lifting his hips to help accommodate as his pants were slipped over his hips and down his legs. His underwear went with it, all in one go, leaving Will suddenly very exposed. He tapped down the urge to cover himself as his pants were thrown over shoulder and well out of reach.

"The last thing I want is you calling out is Hannibal's name while I'm balls deep in that tight little ass of yours." Nigel never gave Will the chance for feigning modesty, his hands gripping Will's dripping sex to drive the point home. Will felt the air punched out of his lungs when Nigel squeezed, rippling his fingers to complicate the sensations that were stealing good sense from Will. "I want this to be all me. I want to hear you scream my name."

"I think I can focus on you." Will lied, hating himself even as he said it. This was where it was all going to go wrong for him. His eyes kept seeing Hannibal over him, caressing his body even as his whiskey saturated brain reminded him that it was Nigel. Between what he felt and what he saw, Will's heart hurt, knowing that he would never get what he really wanted. The thing he was scared even to admit to himself, but resided in the back of his mind.

This was wrong on so many different levels of FUBAR, but he couldn't bring himself to care. It was as simple as Nigel wanted him, and Hannibal didn't. At the moment, all Will could handle was simple. Getting this drunk had probably been a bad idea, but it was easing decisions into place. He could pretend, and he was damn good at pretending. Nigel might not be what he wanted, but he sure as hell was what Will needed.

Focusing on how the soft fabric of the bedding felt beneath his fingers, Will was able to smile back as he watched Nigel shamelessly drink the sight of him in with those expressive maroon

eyes. They smoldered half lidded with lust as rough fingers slide over the untouched planes of his stomach, relieving Will of his shirt to reveal the torso toned from working on boats and taking care of too many dogs. This was what it was like to be desired and Will let himself revel in the moment for once. Someone was looking at him this way. He was chosen for something other than what his gifts could do.

“Good. That‘s good.” Nigel said as he leaned in to capture a small pink nipple to make it bud. Pinching the sensitive skin between his teeth to draw a gasp from the man beneath him, Will’s hands were finally made to move off of the covers, leaving safe places to start mapping out Nigel’s powerful shoulders. “All you have to do is relax.”

Pleased that Will was finally responding, Nigel moved to the other, making the nipple harden and pebble as he circled his tongue over the sensitive flesh before biting down again, earning himself the rake of nails over his flesh as Will arched into the bite.

“That might be problematic.” Will heard himself say, his tone going for something unrecognizable and seductive as he slid a long pale leg up the older man’s side and over his back. He wanted the rest of Nigel’s clothes off of him, but didn’t know how to voice that complaint or what was allowed from him at this point.

“And why’s that?” Nigel asked, taking the silent hint at last to see to his own pants. A groan escaped him as his swollen cock was freed from its confines, bobbing with each movement as Nigel threw his jeans on the floor to join the rest.

Nervous but wanting more, Will caught the man by his hips, pulling him down hard to grind their sexes together, eliciting a moan from them both. “Because…” Will gasped, suddenly breathless.

“Anxiety issues…” he tried to his best as he kept going. “..but I was just prescribed a relaxation technique to try and cope with it. Maybe…maybe you could help me out.” Will closed his eyes, losing himself to the pleasure of Nigel’s hips pressed against his own, rubbing their slick cocks together with an almost blinding pleasure. If Nigel let him, he could cum like this. He doubted Nigel would allow that though.

“Yeah?” Nigel’s lips found his neck again, leaving another trail of marks along its curve all the way down to his collarbones. “And what might that be?”

“Sex.” Will said simply as he reached down to grab hold of them both, letting the motion of their bodies rock their cocks together in a mess of sweat and pre cum.

Nigel stilled, leaving off his addiction to Will’s skin to turn those sanguine eyes up to fogged over blue. “Hannibal prescribed sex?” he asked in a strange tone of voice, a sense of knowing within those words. For all his empathy, Will didn’t know how to gauge that reaction.

“Yes.” Will answered hesitantly, releasing his grip so that he could push himself onto his elbows to better look at Nigel. “Why? What’s wrong?”

The fluttering of fear scraped its bony wings against Will’s sides. Panic was beginning to well up in him the longer Nigel stared down at him with that indiscernible expression.

“Are you…are we stopping?” Will asked quietly, feeling cold creep into his bones. Rejection, like fear, was an old friend of his. He thought he might have been spared its company by leaving the bar. He thought he had then overcome it altogether by coming home with Nigel. Somehow the fact it was Hannibal’s twin made the rejection worse in a way. It could just be the alcohol doing the thinking for him, but Will didn’t know if he wanted to survive such a thing this time.

Attempting he save himself, Will started to move away to have firm hands placed to his shoulders, pinning him to the bed. That was enough to make Will look up to be met with a wolfish grin from Nigel, the expression all hunger and teeth.

“Stop? Oh no, darling, we’re not going to stop. We’re going to fuck, and then when we’re done, we’re going to sleep and in the morning, we’re going to fuck some more. You‘ll be lucky if you’re still able to walk by the time I‘m done with you. ”

Will’s brow knitted together as he was once more pushed back onto the bed. “I’m spending the night?” He was able to ask before two fingers were pushed into his mouth, and Will was made to suck on them. Further conversation on the matter was impossible from that point on, Nigel adding a third to make Will slick their lengths with his tongue and swollen lips.

“Of course you’re spending the night, darling. It simply wouldn’t do to send you home cold and alone after the fine fuck you’re about to receive.” Nigel said, pulling his fingers out with a lewd pop. His hands went between Will’s legs, one hand parting flesh while the other found his tight hole. “Besides, if you go home, how will I fill your prescription in the morning?”

Arching up as he tried to spread himself wider to help accommodate the slicked intrusions that pressed into him, Will gave himself over to the pain and pleasure of being taken one finger at a time.

“No, my darling Will, I think this is something we’re going to do again and again.” Nigel said, his voice cast too sweet for what he was doing to Will. His fingers eased in, slick enough to penetrate but not enough to be truly comfortable. In apology, Nigel captured the pain parted lips in a gentle kiss. He didn’t trust Will enough not to leave while he looked for proper lube.

Adding another finger into Will, Nigel made the man shudder but for different reasons as Nigel found the nerves he was looking for, the ones that would make all this prep worth it. Once he fucked Will good and proper, he would find something better to use on him than salvia. His dear brother would just have to deal with his olive oil being used on other things than food made from people.

“If Hannibal thinks that you need sex to fix you, then I will be your fucking drug.”

Chapter End Notes

Did you like that? Would you like more?

Your kudo's are searching the house for angry cannibals, your comments don't give a shit and raid the cupboards.

We raid Hannibal's liquor cabinet and debate second helpings of porn.

Morning Gorgeous

Chapter Summary

Will gets one hell of a wake up call~<3

Chapter Notes

Hello again darlings~<3 We hope you're excited we have another lovely chapter for you. :D

WE OWN NOTHING BUT WE LIKE TO MAKE THEM DO DIRTY THINGS ANYWAY!!!

Written/edited/beta/loved by us~<3

FUCKING COOKIES FOR THE READERS WHO RECOGNIZE THAT THERE ARE TWO OF US!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Gasping, Will's mind was wrenched back to the waking world as two long fingers curled inside to stroke him from within, reminding the profiler instantly of where he was and who he was with. "Good morning, gorgeous." came the thick accented voice of the stranger sharing his bed. Or more accurately, who'd brought Will to his bed.

"I trust you slept well."

Thin lips that Will had made himself more than familiar with during the night before mouthed against his throat, pinching already bruised skin with sharp teeth. It elicited more gasps from him, little breathy complaints mixed in with his sudden waking. Will was extremely hung over and being molested by his friendly non-psychiatrist's twin in said friendly non-psychiatrist's house. All details aside, he could think of worse ways of being woken up.

Leaving off Will's neck to capture the dozy man's lips in a rough kiss, Nigel pushed a third finger into Will's tight heat to be answered by shuddering cry. Will's mind was still reeling as he tried to find his bearings, grey blue eyes fogging over in the replay of memories from the night before between the new kisses and moans being elicited from him.

“I’ll take that as a yes.” Nigel grinned, all teeth as he slid further down the empath’s body, taking Will’s rigid cock into his mouth as he drove his fingers home. The combination drew another shameless cry from swollen lips as calloused pads pressed into Will’s sweet spot with uncanny accuracy. Nigel had learned his lover’s body so well.

The bad man had taken his time the night before mapping out all that was Will, learning every detail of his over sensitive flesh like a most determined cartographist detailing a map to a mass made of movement, noise, and heat. The reward for his often limited and rare patience could be found in a wanton and ready Will who bucked against the onslaught, begging nonsensical words as shaking fingers tangling in the lengths of Nigel’s ashen hair. All these gorgeous responses coming from this man were his. All just for him.

Moaning at the bounty presented to him, Nigel cast his eyes up Will’s body to admire the man beneath him coming undone. His twin always went on about how patience could reap great reward. For Nigel, Will was proof enough of that. Dark chocolate curls were like a halo around his head, the ones closest to his skin plastered to it with sweat. His pale skin was now flushed, glistening in the strained morning light like it was covered in dew. His body, a little too lean in places, was taunt, the muscles moving steely within their confinements as the waves of pleasure left every tense nerve unsated.

What was a true shame and practically a sin in and of itself was that Will’s eyes were closed, pressed tightly shut to create feathery dark half moons on his flushed cheeks by his lashes. Not wanted to stop but needing to fix this grievous injustice, Nigel growled around Will’s cock. That was enough to make the man’s eyes fly open, Nigel grinning around his mouthful as he caught the man’s gaze with his own.

The intimacy of admiring those eyes that were more blue than grey at the moment caused Will to arch into his mouth, his hips canting. Whatever he had seen in Nigel’s own was having an effect, Will whimpering now from it. The lust and hunger Nigel knew was there in his look had driven Will to make sad pleading sounds to be given more. Being seen like that did things to Nigel, a man well used to hiding his true nature.

Fingers knuckle deep and fanning, and his jaw beginning to get sore but in a good way, Nigel found he was willing to admit his brother might be right. He knew the pale flesh of Will Graham inside and out, how this skin starved man had been left to ripen almost to the point of rot by years of lonely celibacy. The simplest of touches made him shudder now, and reach for the bad man doing the touching in solace. It was like life had crafted Will for him and him alone. Nigel wondered what Will would think about Bucharest.

Feeling Will’s hips still from the pinnacle of his climax obviously upon him, Nigel shifted the hand that had been caressing Will’s balls to grip the base of his cock instead with cruelly firm fingers. Pinching the flesh with a wolfish grin, Nigel denied Will his release as frustrated hands tugged the older man’s disheveled hair. When stormy eyes sought out bloody ones in a silent plead, Nigel almost caved.

Almost…..It was Will’s own fault for begging so prettily. It made Nigel want to do very bad things to him.

Still gripping him at his root, Nigel slid the flat of his broad tongue along the underside of Will's weeping cock, capturing the mushroom tip of it in an open mouthed kiss that made Will cry and struggle beneath him. Pinning the man down by his hips, Nigel used his clever tongue to trace over his slit, capturing the beads of bitter salt that gathered there. He took his time tasting the very essence of Will's need.

"Nigel." Will finally found his voice, spreading his legs in unconscious presentation as he searched for his release with that mouth. "Nigel," he pleaded again, gasping when lips left off of him completely and sharp teeth found the sensitive skin of his inner thigh instead. He needed this badly, his body demanding completion from him. He had been left on the edge too long, parts of his brain keening for release. Desperation made him reach down to where Nigel's hand gripped his shaft, pushing at the strong fingers there that were depriving him.

Another cry escaped him as teeth found his hip in immediate punishment, small wells of blood beading around ivory canines. Caught like a fish on a hook, Will twisted and flailed on the bed, hands falling away to grip the high counts sheets that were ruined and stained already. As Will unceremoniously arched into the pain filled pleasure of teeth sinking into his skin and fingers deeper in his ass, a fourth was added to the mix. Its presence made Will choke on air at he tried to exhale too quickly. Inhaling only fed fuel to the sounds that Nigel was forcing him to produce as the twin stretched the ring of muscle in his ass, still tender from their night together.

"Did you forget, darling?" Nigel hushed such noises, kissing the inflicted wound with surprisingly gentle lips. He didn't want pain from Will, leaning in to lick away the blood that stained pale skin. The bite of teeth was replaced with the silken brush of lips, kisses pressed to aching bits of flesh. The tenderness was their undoing, Will surprised by receiving it and Nigel for being able to produce it. Something about Will brought it out in him though, made his cock ache to feel Will writhing beneath him, ever needy for his touch, but not his anger or the violence that resided under his skin. Releasing Will's cock, Nigel stroked the man's heaving sides. "Only I get to touch you."

Quivering, Will peered down at the twin through half lid eyes and only saw Nigel as he searched his lust fogged mind for words that had actual form and meaning, "When did I agree to that?" He challenged weakly, unable to keep in the embarrassing little noises that fell from his lips. In answer, fingers were slipped out from his sodden wet heat and powerful arms hooked under his legs to fold him in half. Placing Will's legs over his shoulders, Nigel leaned heavily in on him like this, bringing their lips a breath apart. Eyes made bright and almost crimson from passion burned into Will as he felt a swollen mushroom tip press up against his thoroughly prepped hole.

"Last night, when I was buried deep inside you. When I made you mine." Nigel grinned, pushing his engorged cock into Will, the impressive girth of it making Will grateful that Nigel had prepped him with four fingers deep. Nigel eased himself in inch by inch into the clenching heat, all the while watching Will's face as he did so. Memorizing how Will's storm eyes darkened, only the barest ring of color left to them, and how his lips grew slack, the open mouthed gasps quivering out heated air. Will was made to be fucked, created by higher powers solely to be taken and filled by Nigel's swollen cock. He was a fiddle of gold and Nigel was just the devil to play him.

“Fuck…” Will breathed out. Pushing back the best he could while being folded in half, Will felt exposed and vulnerable like this, completely at this man‘s mercy. It wasn’t all bad though, he found as Will gave himself over to other more pressing matters. The width and length being thrust into him hit all the right places without even really trying. When Nigel adjusted them both to change the angle, the new depth achieved sent Will’s hands flying to the bad man’s strong shoulders. His fingernails dug into the tanned flesh there to leave behind small crescent marks that shallowly bled.

“That‘s right, my darling. Mark me back. Make me yours. I want you to.” Nigel purred, kissing Will’s parted lips as he began to move faster inside him. He was pounding his cock into plaint flesh, the sounds being made between them slick, filthy, and lewd. Will couldn’t stop moaning, even if his life depended upon it, and Nigel kept talking, though half the time Will had no idea what he was saying, most of the phrasing foreign. All Will really knew was that he needed to cum, and the dick hammering into his prostate was driving him to edges of sweet madness and bliss.

“Only for me. You are mine, sweetheart. No one else is allowed to touch you this way.” Nigel demanded as he pushed himself in just enough. There, he stilled with his cockhead pressed flush to Will’s pleasure, making the man keen and writhe beneath him.

“Promise me.” Nigel said softly, jerking his hips just enough to make Will quake. “My cock is the only one to fill you.” When no answer came in a timely manner, he jerked again, making Will scream out in frustration. Made compliant by need and left quivering from it, Will nodded, his mind a soup of want, need, desire, and growing addiction to very bad things as he clung to the man above him. He was too far gone to challenge the words demanded of him.

“Say it.” Nigel coaxed. He was forced to take in a sharp breath when muscles clenched down upon him, Will’s tight ass squeezing the girth of his cock in counter demand.

“You…” Will managed out through clenched teeth, the words ragged and bitten off at their edges. “Only you.”

“That’s right. Mine.” Nigel thrust at last, dragging a desperate cry from the needy man beneath him. “Time to leave limbo, my darling Will. I can’t let you get too comfortable there. I promise it’s not your final destination. Let me hasten you toward your end.”

Will might have given himself over entirely to pleasure, but Nigel had a very vibrant reminder of such folly carved into his side to keep some part of himself aware and present. Which was why his eyes were drawn away from Will to the ever so slightly movement of the bedroom door being cracked open.

With a wolf’s grin that was all too sharp teeth and no welcome, Nigel greeted his brother as the twin watched his brother claim what was his, leaning over the begging body of Will Graham. Challenging sanguine engaged the enraged bloody gaze of their voyeur, made taunting and wild as Will begged for more with Nigel‘s name being used like a prayer. Unable to resist, Nigel pressed his teeth into the soft flesh of Wills throat, biting down with enough force to draw blood, causing Will to shout out his pleasure. He watched as a wrath twisted and curled in his brother gaze through the entire exchange. Nigel’s grin only grew

when the bother didn’t leave, his still gaze a wicked promise as he watched his twin fuck Will raw.

Not one to disappoint or do anything half assed, Nigel resumed his claiming with zeal as he pounded into the willing flesh beneath him. The room was soon filled with more begging moans and delicious whimpers that made Hannibal’s fingers ripple in place as his mask hardened, Nigel bringing Will to his peak once more. Slamming into him with the same accuracy as his fingers had in finding his pleasure again and again, Nigel milked the sweet noises of Will’s ecstasy for his brother to clearly hear.

“Come for me, darling, and only me.” Nigel ordered, loud enough to be heard by all present, seen and unseen. Gently stroking the soft curls that haloed Will’s head like a wilted crown of strange flowers, Nigel drank in the intoxicated pleasure of Will’s face as he snapped his hips, catching Will’s cries on his tongue to devour their sound. They were all for him after all. He could be greedy.

His own erection pooling slick precum onto his belly, Will came untouched from the feeling of Nigel’s cock alone, spraying tendrils of white out onto his chest. The sight of it was enough to tip Nigel over his own precipice, his release making him seek out kiss swollen lips with his own so that he could feed Will the sounds of his pleasure. All the while, even as he emptied his seed deep, wet, and there into Will, he kept eyes on his brother.

“Ha-Hannibal?” Will’s breathless whisper made Nigel realize his folly in this. Widening grey blue eyes followed Nigel’s own to the crack in the door, Hannibal staring back at them from the other side of it with bitterly cold eyes. To his credit, Will tried to move out from beneath Nigel, but strong arms held him in place, folded and exposed with a softening cock up his ass. A cool wetness made up of olive oil and spent, new and old, trailed into the cleft of his butt, making Will redden from top of head to tip of toe. Unbidden and treacherous, his wonderfully overactive imagination filled in the gaps for him, all of them, letting Will know what this scene must look like from all perspectives.

“Good morning, Hannibal.” Nigel grinned, leaning forward to catch the lobe of Will’s ear between his sharp teeth as he greeted his brother.

“Did you sleep well? I know I fucking did.”

Chapter End Notes

Your kudo's are abusing good quality cooking oil and pissing off our favorite cannibal, your comments are refilling their popcorn and soda's while waiting to watch the fight.

The authors are hung over from playing with Hannibal's liquor cabinet and are crawling to hide before the empty bottles are found.

Confining Spaces

Chapter Summary

Nigel and Hannibal have a little chat.

Chapter Notes

BAM! Look at us updating like a couple of bosses!!! Alright, enjoy the cock fight, we know you've been anxious to see what comes next. ;D

Though we would love to bring those crazy bastards home we do not own them. ;n;

Written/edited/beta/loved by us~<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Awkward was not an adequate enough word to define what Will was currently feeling. Embarrassed was almost too droll to bring up at this point. Mortified came pretty damn close, but still didn't seem to cover all the bases. Will was at a complete loss to describe how he was feeling as he stared through the crack in the door at his friend and therapist. All while folded in half with his twin's dick still buried deep inside him as thin trails of semen dripped from his ass onto sheets that probably cost more than his entire wardrobe at home. Will quietly prayed for death.

Casting one last frosty glance at Will while blatantly ignoring Nigel, Hannibal closed the door without a word. The soft sounds of his footsteps padding down hardwood to recede entirely out of hearing indicated that their privacy was ensured for the time being, limited as that may be.

Pushing at Nigel, Will successfully dislodged the older man from him this time, wincing as he felt Nigel's cock slip out of him and more wetness gush down his thighs and backside. It was insult to injury when coupled with the discomfort of his lower regions and cramping hips.

"Calm down." Nigel chuckled, falling off of Will to flop back against the mattress. There was nothing like that first fuck of the day to clear one's head and work the kinks out. He watched in growing dismay though as his lover hurriedly dressed himself in dirty clothing that stilled smelled like the bar they had come from.

Wanting to distract himself after being screwed out of the afterglow, and really only having himself to blame for it, Nigel reached for his soft pack of smokes on the nightstand, tapping out a cigarette from it. Hannibal was going to kill him for smoking inside, but hell, Nigel rationalized that he had even better reasons to do so now. “I told you I would handle this.”

“There isn’t a way to handle this.” Will snapped, his voice made harsh by embarrassment He tried and failed to ignore the slimy discomfort that was pooling in his underwear to cement the cotton to his skin. He really needed to shower and change as soon as he could, but he wasn’t about to prolong his stay anymore than he already had by doing it here. “Where the fuck are you going?” Nigel demanded, arching a brow at Will. Irritated, he took a long drag of his cigarette, watching as Will searched the room for the rest of his discarded clothing. Nigel much preferred the look of pale creamy skin covered in his markings, especially when it was beneath his palms and being pressed into his side. He liked knowing that Will would be carrying around his signature for a while, both inside and out.

“Home.” was the curt reply, Will stuffing his socks into his pockets because he had no idea where his shoes were. Probably downstairs, hopefully by the front door though he just might have to risk going barefoot if it meant looking for them.

Fumbling with the buttons of his shirt, what was left of them anyway, Will yelped when a hand caught the waistband of his jeans to pull him back into a sticky lap still slick with olive oil, Nigel‘s preference for lube. Will prayed it was some sort of European thing, and the artisan bottle not borrowed from Hannibal‘s kitchen.

“Nigel, let go.” Will growled, trying to escape only to be pulled back again. When he turned to glare at the man, he was met with a shameless grin.

Cigarette held up and out of the way between two long fingers, Nigel leaned in close to press the same feathery kisses that had soothed Will to sleep just a few hours ago along the length of his neck. “You’re overreacting Will, trust me. Let me handle this. If it all turns to blood, then you have my full permission to be irked with me. But first…” Nigel’s accent made his words a rough purr, Will feeling every drawn out syllable as another mark was sucked just behind his ear in a newly discovered place he liked. “Let me talk to him. Just sit here for a moment and wait for me. I’ll be back soon enough.”

Despite the shame Will was feeling about the whole ordeal, he found himself being drawn into a warm and very unfamiliar comfort. He let himself be tugged back into the arms of another, soft kisses and soothing touching being placed to his skin coaxing him to stay. Nigel wanted Will to stay. He was desired.

“Fine.” Will mumbled, surprising himself as he reached a tentative hand to find the one that had settled loosely around his waist. The fingers there were stroking languid circles along the exposed skin of his side. Another surprisingly gentle kiss was pressed to Will’s temple in silent thanks before Nigel released him, rolling them so Will was left in the bed as he exited it with lit cigarette still in hand.

Forgoing the hunt for a full set of clothes, Nigel found his dark jeans easily enough pooled at the end of the bed, leaving the room barefoot and still half naked. It gave Will a chance to get a good look at the strong back that he’d marked up. Ragged streaks of red left behind by his

blunt nails stood out starkly against Nigel's tanned skin. It made Will feel ridiculously good to know that he had been the one who put them there, even as he tried to ignore the growing warmth of his pleasure.

Left to his own devices, Will momentarily considered the ludicrous idea of escaping out the second story window of his therapist's house. Technically, the bed sheets were already ruined…Will shook his head clear of that notion. With his luck, he would just fall and break his damn neck. The thought of the outcome held a certain appeal though as Will suddenly remembered a very crucial piece of information.

His car was still downtown.

OoOoO

"You know it's rude to stare." Nigel teased upon entering his brother's sanctuary, a formally dressed version of himself regarding him with something akin to open contempt if you knew when and where to look for it. Slicing green peppers and mushrooms at his cutting board, Hannibal's grip on his knife was white knuckled as he turned his attention from the vegetables to his twin. "Your voyeurism wasn't appreciated, more so less by some than others."

Pouring more sesame oil than what might be necessary into a skillet because his bottle olive oil seemed to be absent, Hannibal turned off the heat for now so that he could keep his eyes trained on Nigel. Certain things needed to be discussed at length. Breakfast could wait for now.

"What are you doing Nigel?" Hannibal asked. There was a clear warning in his cool tone, one that most would miss altogether if unfamiliar with the charming killer.

"Just a little fucking fun, Hanni." Nigel grinned with a wink, approaching the chopping block. It was daring move, considering who Hannibal actually was, but Nigel was a very bad man himself. Never one to resist poking bears, Nigel picking up a sliver of uncooked mushroom to taste it slowly and work it between his teeth, knowing the sheer annoyance it would bring to his other.

"Why? Did you want to fuck him?" Nigel taunted as hot eyes met cool ones, the challenge presented. "He's good. Tight ass, very responsive. Too bad he's mine now."

"How infantile. You still become so easily obsessed with people you desire. Was my description of William in our exchanges that alluring? Or was it love at first sight?" Hannibal sneered, changing the entire tone of the conversation by switching to their mother tongue. The Lithuanian flowed off his lips like the words had never left him. "Have you tired of Gabi, enough so that you prefer the company of a damaged man to the cellist who can't stand the sight of you? Tell me, how is your beloved wife, Nigel?"

"I beg your pardon? What did you say? Is? Try fucking 'was'." Nigel didn't miss a beat, changing the language to match. It was safer that way, especially if Will decided to become impatient and wander in on them. He certainly didn't want the topic of Gabi coming up anytime soon around his new lover.

“Until death do you part?” Hannibal smirked, already hazarding a guess about what could have happened to her.

“Something like that.” Nigel shrugged, not wanting to go into detail. It was never a good idea with Hannibal. He had a wicked way of using information much like how he handled his knives.

“How did Will feel about you being married to a woman?” Hannibal said, sounding far too superior for anyone else’s good.

“I don’t know. That particular topic of conversation didn’t come up either time I was fucking him.” Nigel shot back, unimpressed by the underlying threat held there. He didn’t think the topic of his marriage would drive Will off, but it was never a good idea to discuss where bodies were buried to anyone. “Skip the theatrics. You don’t care who I fuck or why, Hanni. What is this man to you?”

“You can’t have him, Nigel.” Hannibal told him as he turned his attention back to the ingredients. He had left no room for argument in his voice. Him dicing a potato declared that the conversation over, and his final decision was said and done with. It might of worked with anyone else. Nigel’s laughter told him it had had little effect, and would be ignored.

“I’ve already taken him, Hanni, Will is mine, and I think I’m going to keep him.” Nigel grinned, wicked and slow. He watched with interest as the knife in Hannibal’s hand stilled, a look of warning returning to sanguine eyes as they met their mirror.

“No Nigel, you can’t. I forbid it.” Hannibal stated again, like his words were the end all, be all. Arching a brow at his twin, Nigel shook his head in disbelief as Hannibal resumed breakfast. He even went so far as to place the vegetables into the heating pan with a dismissive gesture.

“Hannibal….the clock’s ticking on my benevolence.” Nigel gave his own warning of sorts. He wasn’t one for all this double entendre, hidden meaning bullshit. “Make your point.”

“At some point, your visit will come to an end, and then you will be forced to leave dear William behind.” Though his words were said with the same cool control that dictated all of Hannibal’s movements, the look he gave his brother blazed with pure triumph, “And then, the only thing left for your ‘darling’ will be me to pick up the pieces. So please by all means, break Will’s heart, my dear brother. I‘ll make it into something better, something that is all mine.”

Hannibal watched as Nigel’s face twisted in anger. “I am a very patient man Nigel.” Hannibal smiled, flipping the sizzling vegetables as he added some seasoning to them, something that would enhance the sesame oil. He had already figured out where his olive oil had gone, could smell it on Nigel‘s skin along with scents that were all Will. “Great rewards come to those who have the patience to wait.”

“I hate to intrude….”

Both Lecters turned in tandem to the face the interruption with identical movements, though their faces held starkly different expressions. Fire and ice regarded Will in equal intent measures. Somehow in the face of that tempest, Will managed to find his voice.

“Your fight. I might not be able to understand the words, but I know it’s about me, because of what I‘ve done. I’m sorry.” Will apologized though he couldn’t bring himself to look up at either man. His gaze settled on his bare toes, his socks still in his pocket. “I’m going to leave now.”

Responding first to the man trying to flee them, Nigel ignored the icy side look it earned him from Hannibal. He let his voice settle low, knowing that Will found his accent…their accent…soothing. “There’s nothing to apologize for, darling.” he said, the effect of his words immediately seen, tension already leaving Will’s body though he already had his back to them.

“Hanni and I were just discussing the best way to get your car after breakfast.” Nigel said, edging forward. Will still didn’t bother to look back, even when he heard Nigel approach him, his eyes locked on the dining room table. The sensitive empath could feel the twins’ duel gazes upon him.

Nigel’s words were a lie. Will knew this. He might not have been able to understand the earlier exchange between the twins, but his gift could easily decipher tone of voice, pacing of words, and all the emotions that lay within the confines of sentences. What Will wanted to know was the ‘why‘ behind the argument. Was Hannibal that mad at him for sleeping with his twin, or was his outrage coming from the intrusion upon his home to do it?

“Yes.” Hannibal followed the line of Nigel’s lie, removing his apron to carefully fold and place it off to the side as he handed a wooden spatula to his brother with the same warning look from before. “You are more than welcome to stay for breakfast, Will, but if you wish to leave now, then I will be more than happy to drive you to your car.”

A silent exchange passed between the brothers before the bad man from Bucharest relented to give his brother time to smooth things over with the anxious man trying to escape them. “Nigel can finish the preparations while we’re gone. Perhaps after we have retrieved your vehicle, you will come back and join us. That is if you have nothing else planned for the day.”

Filled with nervous energy, Will shifted from one foot to the other, “That’s really not necessary, Doctor Lecter. I’ve already imposed enough on you and Nigel. I can call a cab.” he tried to deflect, but a warm hand, strangely familiar but not, was already finding the curve of his lower back to steer him away from the kitchen.

Neither one of them missed Nigel’s crooked smile, though Will wondered what he had to feel so smug about. Inwardly, Hannibal seethed. He had noticed as well that Will had addressed him by his title and last name, and not his first. Normally, such a thing wouldn’t have bothered him, Hannibal having a preference for formality. In this moment though it wounded, especially when it placed so close to the casual use of Nigel‘s own in comparison.

“I insist.” Hannibal pressed, leaving no real room for argument. He knew where Will’s shoes were after all, and was not above holding them hostage until Will was safely in his car. A conversation needed to happen between them, one untainted by Nigel’s presence, though Hannibal was sure the subject matter could wait for a time. Some feelings could be left to simmer until their next appointment, and some rude people just might have to die horribly so that Hannibal could deal with those feelings until then.

The only drawback from doing that though was Will might take the opportunity to suddenly become very busy and start coming up with convenient excuses to avoid him. As alluring a punishment as it was to allow Will to guilt himself into sickness and dread, it was simply not advantageous to Hannibal at the moment. He would have to find another way to rebuke Will for his indiscretion later on.

Swallowing hard at the growing lump in his throat, Will suddenly felt overwhelmed at the thought of sharing the confining space of Hannibal’s Bentley so soon after the humiliating discovery of Nigel and Will that morning. He had been attempting to run away from the situation, not isolate himself with the most dominating factor of this fucked up equation. Grabbing their coats and with Will’s shoes kept tightly in hand, Hannibal loaded them into the car, getting directions and turning the ignition before Will could commit to the brilliant idea of walking. Not waiting for the tension to build between them, Hannibal was the first to breach the silence once they had turned out onto the road. Hannibal had every intention of taking the scenic route for this.

“It would seem you have taken my advice.” Hannibal said, careful to keep his voice light and warm like this was all some sort of humorous misunderstanding. Will shifted in his seat, turning to look out the passenger side window instead answering right away.

“I’m sorry. Doctor Lecter. What I did was inexcusable.” Will told the glass in a dull tone, fogging up its surface as he did so. The return to the use of his title made Hannibal want to grind his back teeth. He had only just recently broken Will out of the formality, even liked how Will pronounced his name with such hesitancy each time he did so, and now Will was using the professional title again to shield himself from Hannibal. It was an attempt to disassociate, and Hannibal would not have it. “I’ll understand if you no longer wish to see me as a patient.”

“I am not angry with you, Will.” Hannibal lied beautifully, probably one of the best he had ever told. He was of course quite angry with Will, but he was furious with Nigel. His admittance seemed to stir Will from his study of the window though, his stormy eyes stealing fleeting glances toward him. He had peaked the man‘s interest, the idea of that warming Hannibal far more than it should have.

“I told you to seek out sexual attention, and for once, you took my advice whole heartedly, doing just that.” Hannibal said, watching Will’s reactions from his peripheral. “Though admittedly, I had not been expecting to find you this morning being bedded by my brother in the guest room.”

Remembrance of that springing vividly to mind, Will couldn’t stop the deep crimson flush that boiled under his skin from back of neck to tip of ears. “I’m sorry.” He whispered, unable to think of anything else to say to the man. Giving the excuse of poor judgment and alcohol

was far too weak to offer up as a valid reason, especially to such a valued friend. Really his only friend, Will admitted to himself not for the first time. Hannibal deserved better than that.

“I never should have gone to your home. I never should have slept with your brother.” Will made himself say the words, his shame growing strong enough it make him close his eyes against the onslaught of his own admittance. Sorry I slept with your twin, with your face and hands upon me…your cock within me…was left unsaid between them.

“No, you shouldn’t have.” Hannibal agreed quietly, making Will wish he could disappear as the tension between them grew to new thick levels of stifling. As far as fortuitous timing went, it worked out well for Will for once as they pulled up behind his aged Volvo in the parking lot where he had left it.

Popping the latch to his seat belt and grabbing the handle before the Bentley had come to complete stop, Will already had a hand on the door. His blessed escape was prevented though by a powerful hand catching him by the wrist to pull him back into the car, Will landing back in the Bentley with a soft plop.

“Will, please wait a moment.” Hannibal said quickly, regretting his last words. He had let his emotions get the better of him. Allowing Will to verbally lash himself in penance would have been the right course of action. Condemning the man only served to drive Will away from him, which was not Hannibal‘s intent. He needed to fix this immediately if he wanted to see Will anytime soon again.

With a shaky breath, Will tried to steady himself, trying not to think too much about the hand still clamped down on his wrist, the human connection keeping him there. “I do not wish for this mishap to end our friendship.” were the words he had not expected from Hannibal. Will stared out the windshield, remaining quiet and still. He was avoiding eyes again, guilt etched into every feature as he listened to his therapist. “Though I do not agree with what you have done, I must admit that I am experiencing more jealousy than anger.”

Now that was definitely something Will had not been expected. At best, he had been hoping for forgiveness; at worst, a complete dismissal which was what he deserved. Skittish blue eyes turned to meet sanguine for conformation. He must have misheard, hallucinated the answer he wanted most.

“W-what?” Will stammered. Hannibal’s gaze never wavered from his own, though his voice did soften.

“I had hoped to accommodate you myself.” Hannibal admitted, tugging the man closer him, as much as the narrow space would allow. Will could have been made of stone for all the give his body was allowing, too busy staring back at him with a growing look of bewilderment.

“I don’t know how to respond to that.” Will admitted slowly, his heart pounding with enough force he feared the good doctor might hear the muscle slamming against the bone cage of his ribs. Hannibal liked him, and he’d fucked his brother. Hannibal Lecter of all the few people in his life admitted that he wanted Will, and out of all people on earth, Will had managed to find his twin to fuck.

Life truly hated Will Graham.

“Then don’t.” Hannibal told him, leaning in close enough to let their breaths mingle, the final decision left up to Will alone. Swallowing hard enough to hear his own throat click, Will took what was offered and let himself close the gap between them. Plush lips touched thin ones that felt too much like ones that had swallowed down his moans and coaxed obscene sounds from him only a few hours before. It was enough to make Will start to draw back, his mouth suddenly feeling too dry and his cheeks burning. A hand tangling in his curls kept him in place though.

The wet touch of a tongue to his lips tore Will open, a quiet moan escaping him as the slick muscle plunged into the depths of his mouth. It mapped him out as long skilled fingers found their way further into his disheveled curls. Nigel tasted like smoke, bourbon, and sin. In comparison, Hannibal was almost bittersweet, Will tasting notes of rich coffee and deep affection that could be so much more off of his mouth.

It was over as quickly as it had begun, Hannibal pulling back from Will just as he reached up to lace his own fingers through neat ashen locks, “I would like to move our appointment to tomorrow, Will, if you will permit it.” Hannibal allowed the words to sound like the friendly request they were not. He was trying to recover himself, not meaning to do that, extend their kiss. He was still incensed about the whole thing with Nigel, and couldn’t afford to fall into forgiveness too quickly for the slight upon him. Will had a way of drawing such things out of him though. Taking a much needed breath, Will nodded. He would have agreed to just about anything at this point, already lost in a sea of confusion as he quickly made his escape from the Bentley and was allowed to this time.

“Sure… I’ll see you at the usual time… 7:30?” Will said as he closed the car door. He knew he was talking nonsense, babbling out words in the hope that they made sense. He didn’t wait for confirmation, finding the door to his own car to disappear inside.

He had answered Hannibal without bothering to recall if he had any plans. He would make that appointment come hell or high water. Jack and his bodies would even have to wait if it came down to that. Will knew he would deal with the consequences with a glad heart and head. Sorting this thing out with Hannibal was more important than whatever new killer Jack was chasing after. The agent had solved murders before without him. He sure as hell could do it again for one day.

Hannibal could see how desperate Will was to right the grievances between them. The smell of desperation and anxiety that had come off of Will in waves still lingered in the car, mixed with the sour smell of old sweat, alcohol, semen, and Nigel.

Watching his quarry escape, Will didn’t look back once at Hannibal as he got into his car, not that Hannibal expected him to. It wasn’t until Will’s car disappeared around a corner that Hannibal started up the Bentley. Will might be out of sight for now, but he was still being held well in mind.

It had never been Hannibal’s intention to watch his brother fuck the one he desired, but upon finding Will’s shoes in the foyer and the too fresh scent of him in the air, he hadn’t been able to help himself. Needing to confirm what he already knew to be true, Hannibal had climbed

the stairs on silent feet and eased the door open. For all his precaution, his presence had still been noticed, his intrusion probably setting things into further motion. What he found in his brother's room had frozen Hannibal between wrath and lust, unable to look away.

Watching his mirror image fold and mount Will, Hannibal couldn't make himself look away as a thick cock head had pushed into Will's tight heat to drag out long pleasure filled cries from quivering lips. He memorized how desperate hands found the muscular curve of broad shoulders so much like his own, clawing patterns into the tanned skin there in search of release as Will was slowly fucked, Nigel holding his gaze the entire time.

It was more beautiful than it had any right to be, better than anything he had ever imagined. The sight of Will being plundered and ruined made his own cock swell with want and anticipation to feel that tight heat around him. To coax his own pleasure from Will's body, to mark the man inside and out with his teeth, tongue, and wicked purpose.

Except that he hadn't been the one to own Will in that moment, make him submit so deliciously. It had been Nigel, grinning back at him with a cruel smile that was not his own.

"Patience," Hannibal reminded himself, checking the calendar on his phone for the departure time of Nigel's next flight out. It was not soon enough in his opinion.

"Patience."

Chapter End Notes

"That is cold pressed Spanish Olive Oil, you uncultured swine!"

"Well, it made damn fine lube in a pinch."

Reconciliation and Penance

Chapter Summary

Will goes to his appointment with Hannibal.

Chapter Notes

Ladder won.

We own nothing.

This story was created, loved, beta'd and presented by us~<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As per usual, sleep had evaded Will. For once, it was not due to the usual culprits of night terrors, cold sweats that made him feel as if he were drowning, or dead killers playing murder in the dark. The end result still left him feeling tired and restless though. He spent most of the day fidgeting with his glasses and fighting back yawns while teaching his class. Thankfully, his point of focus this week was an older case, but one he covered every year none the less with his students.

It was the first official sounder of the Ripper cases, murders made in trios over a number of months before the Ripper disappeared entirely for two years. Knowing the cases inside and out thanks to Jack wanting him to climb inside the Ripper's head, Will was able to give the lecture on auto-pilot. He ignored questions, outlined similarities, and assigned papers with little thought, but that was business as usual. Trainees didn't take his class because he was charming or even well liked. They came to him because it was his bad luck that he was the best.

Even as he talked at his students, his mind was elsewhere, still lost in the passenger seat of a Bentley. His imagination doing terrible things to him, Will could still feel Hannibal's lips warm against his own, his tongue sliding into Will's mouth to coax a moan from him. It made for some embarrassing moments when he would trail off mid sentence and stare blankly off into space, but then again, business as usual. An unspoken perks of having a reputation for being an oddball was that one could afford to live up to the hype from time to time.

Hands starting to shake from too much caffeine, Will checked his watch for what felt like the umpteenth time. Wrapping up his lecture as quickly as he could, Will ended up dismissing the agents in training early in a vain attempt to make time mover faster for him. Will

contemplated having another cup of coffee in a vain attempt to fend off sleep, but decided against it when his stomach cast its vote, ulcers in Will's imminent future if he pressed his luck with the organ.

Glancing at his watch again like that was going to do anything for him, Will heaved a frustrated sigh. He ran fingers through his messy hair, trying to tame it enough to look presentable. His curls told him to fuck off and leave them alone, so Will decided to go with the deranged look. He told his reflection that he pulled it off well, and then decided he should try to get some sleep soon because people were starting to give him strange looks in the bathroom.

Not for the first time, Will wished that the day was over. Minutes pretended that they were hours as he waited to see Doctor Lecter. A tight ball of nervous energy residing in him was trying to slowly consume him. That or he had forgotten to eat again recently. His mind wasn't helping matters either, his inner workings running through random possibilities trying to predict the immediate future like a cracked 8-ball fueled by caffeine riddled insomnia.

Unable to settle himself down long enough to pretend to be a sane human being, Will found himself wandering around Quantico between classes, walking through empty and sometimes not so empty lecture halls with his mind barely there. He was as desperate as some of the students for the day to end.

By the end of his work day, Will couldn't sit still, wound too tight with nervous anticipation. Being in such a state made Will show up nearly an hour early for his evening appointment with the good doctor. Staying in the car would drive him crazy so Will ended up taking a walk for forty-five minutes around the small business area in a desperate attempt to calm his nerves. Still fifteen minutes early, Will found himself sitting in Hannibal's waiting room, tired, hungry, and still very out of sorts as he picked at a loose thread of his shirt. He suddenly wished he had worn something nicer or least gotten himself a sandwich.

He was so screwed.

"Will, you're early." Hannibal smiled as he opened the door in greeting, stepping aside to let the anxious man into his office. "Luck must be with you because my last appointment has left already. Please come in."

Nodding in greeting but not trusting himself to say anything of value or intelligence just yet, Will shrugged out of his coat to drop it into his favored chair. He briefly considered climbing up to the second level, but that felt almost too much like hiding. He needed to face this, whatever this was, head on. He owed Hannibal that much, especially after what had happened.

"How are you feeling this evening?" Hannibal asked as he quietly slid the door's lock into place. Will was obviously in such a state he was certain the profiler wouldn't have noticed anyway. Hannibal didn't feel like taking chances this evening though, not with Will so close in hand.

"I'm fine." Will muttered, the question causing him to leave his seat to stand in front of the window, though the ridiculous red and grey curtains had already been drawn for the coming

of night. Will wondered if the long lengths of fabrics were even still referred to as curtains. He was willing to bet just about anything that Hannibal would know.

“I understand your nervousness, Will. We did not end our last encounter under the most normal of circumstances.” Hannibal said softly, not wanting to frighten the already skittish man. Thrumming with too much nervous energy like a trapped bee, Will seemed incapable of keeping still for long, already beginning to pace. It almost made Hannibal consider giving Will a sedative, but then how would he stake his claim?

Allowed his steps to make a gentle sound across the office’s hardwood flooring, Hannibal came up behind the raw ball of tangled nerve endings that was Will Graham. “But is that not what our meeting today is meant to rectify?” he continued. Laying a light hand on Will’s shoulder, the man’s muscles tensed under his touch. Squeezing gently to try and ground the man, Hannibal turned Will to face him. Allowing the movement, Will still refused to meet the other man’s gaze, his darting blue eyes keeping their distance from the deep maroon that sought them out.

“Doctor Lecter…” Will started to say to have fingers pressed to his lips.

“Hannibal. You’re not my patient and you are more than a friend. You’ve earned the right to use my name.” Hannibal told him. Part of what he said was actually true, though the heart of the matter be exposed, his temper now flared up whenever Will used his title.

“Hannibal…” Will made himself say against the touch that lingered over his lips. “Hannibal. On a good day, I’m social awkward. I have almost no experience with relationships and even peers in my field generally regard me as a freak. I honestly have no idea what I’m supposed to be doing or what you‘re expecting from me. I can pretty much guarantee I‘m going to screw this up.”

“What do you want to do?” Hannibal asked even as he cupped Will’s face, trying to make those wandering eyes meet his own. Catching Will’s chin with his other hand, he started to gently stroke a stubbly jaw with his thumb. This close he could see the choker made of purple marks left behind by Nigel, his claims upon Will sloppy and disjointed, poorly half hidden by Will’s collar.

“I…I don’t know,” Will stammered, surprised when he tried to turn his sight away only to have his jaw lightly jerked back into alignment by the hand holding it. He couldn’t look away.

“What do you want, Will?” Hannibal murmured. He was still speaking with his gentle grace, the kind that resided in all his words, but there was the undertone of a demand there. The good doctor wanted an answer, even if he had to take it.

“I really don’t know, Doctor Lecter,” Will deflected the best he could, trying to mentally regroup. His eyes tried to flee once more, but were brought back instantly with another tug. Hannibal was keeping him in place, standing too close for rational thoughts to come together naturally, and Will was desperate for the reprieve of space. He was being overwhelmed, watching the dance and play of Hannibal’s strange irises. Too muddy to be considered a true red, but too much bloody tone was present there to be mistaken for humble earth either.

“Hannibal.” the good doctor corrected, leaning in to once again bring their lips so close together Will could feel the heat coming off of them and the play of air mingling with his own. “Please call me Hannibal, sweet William, and tell me what you want.”

Swallowing hard, Will’s nervous hands found their way around Hannibal’s waist, settling on the curve of his hips. “You said you had hoped to accommodate me yourself.” Will ventured at last. “I don’t believe that’s permitted by the board.”

“In this case it could be ignored. I am not, or ever was, officially your therapist.” Hannibal sighed at Will, letting his disappoint show in his eyes. Will was dancing around the issue, his fear still his dance partner. Hannibal decided it was time for him to cut in and take the lead, with their waltz of words at least. The final bow would have to be left up to Will. “We have conversations, not sessions, so a little unconventional therapy between consenting adults can be allowed.”

It was taking everything within him to keep hold of his restraint, waiting for Will to make up his mind and get over his trepidations. Will needed to think that this was his choice before Hannibal could erase all signs of his brother’s intrusion upon his property from the creamy skin with his own bold marks.

With a shaky breath Will leaned into the barely there kiss, ghosting a chaste touch of lips against Hannibal’s own as he searched sanguine eyes for some sign of approval. Pleased that Will could never cease to amaze him, Hannibal rejoiced in the confirmation when the light touch of a tongue asked for entrance. Opened his mouth, Hannibal wasting no time in reclaiming Will as his own.

Moaned into the kiss, Will tightened his hold on Hannibal’s hips as they swayed in place, the last of his apprehension melting away. How often had he fantasized about this, wondering how Hannibal tasted, how he felt moving against him? It made Will greedy for more, leaving off lips to explore a face he had mapped out a long time ago.

“Hannibal.“ Will mouthed the name against the doctor’s strong jaw like a wish left unanswered too long to really be believed when it was granted. Little was left to disbelief though as strong hands found his ass, lifting Will up with ease as he wrapped his legs and arms around Hannibal. They were walked back until Will felt the ladder being pressed into his back. Thick wooden rungs digging into his spine, Will’s collar was ripped open with enough force to lose buttons, Hannibal’s mouth upon the bruises being badly hidden there.

Crying out from the near violent onslaught, Will felt the sharp pinch of teeth over bruises that only proved to confirm what Will had seen lurking in those maroon eyes and in earlier warnings. Jealous. Hannibal was jealous, the knowledge of it making Will feel lightheaded. The affirmation of it made Will feel powerful, worryingly so as Hannibal bit over every claim made upon Will by Nigel with his own. It hurt more than it should of, Nigel’s soft words still lingering in Will’s mind. They were quietly said things said in languages Will didn’t recognize, but loved to listen to because they sounded so sweet. Will could pretend that someone loved him when he listened to him. They still echoed in his mind like a lost song he couldn’t remember all the words to.

This wasn't going to be about love, and Will didn't expect it to be. This was about rectifying slights of one sort or another. Will was aware of that much as one hand found its way into soft ashen hair while the other gripped tight to the rung above him. Finally finding some leverage, Will used it to grind his hips against Hannibal's own, pressing his need into him and ended up feeling an answering hardness in return.

Panting, Hannibal pulled himself back enough to eye his work, taking in the sight of it. The brief pause was worth it though, needy blue eyes staring down at him with the same blazing passion he'd seen them grace Nigel with. Will's pale skin was flushed with arousal, his chest heaving, but unlike the last time he'd caught Will drunk off of lust, this time it was all for him.

"Tell me you have lube." Will gasped as cool hands found their way under his shirt, pushing the cheap fabric up and over his head. Toned pale flesh was revealed, and a nipple captured between warm lips, Hannibal's mouth already upon him. His tender flesh was gently sucking upon before teeth set in, their ends sharp. Like Nigel, Hannibal was a biter, but there was a hunger to it, an edge. Nigel had followed up his little hurts with adorations to soothe Will's skin afterward.

Will couldn't dwell on it for long, one bud switched out for the other. Never idle, Hannibal's fingers took over where his mouth had left off to pinch the abused flesh and keep it stimulated, overly so. He switched from one bud to the other, letting his fingers tweak the abused flesh as Will arched into his mouth with shuttering moans.

"Yes…" Hannibal licked around a hardened nub, letting his fevered gaze seek out Will's lustful own. Desire for him and him alone brewed in those stormy eyes. Will ached for Hannibal's touch, for the release that it would bring.

"…My pocket" Hannibal admitted outright. He had been planning to toy with Will a little while longer, but found he was too impatient for such games. Finding the cool bottle easily enough nestled in the silk lining of his pocket, Hannibal pressed it into Will's hand for his viewing pleasure.

"This isn't lube," Will squinted at the little brown bottle with the fancy label as hands tugged the rough fabric of his khakis down over his hips. Wondering if it was a twin thing or a European thing about using food products as slick, Will wriggled beneath the doctor, feeling a new sense of protest. "This is almond oil!"

"Sweet almond oil." Hannibal corrected, taking the oil back. "Turn around, Will."

Nodding shakily, Will did as he was told, his fingers lacing around the ladder's rungs. Will gulped helplessly at air as his lower half was fully stripped down, Will toeing out of his shoes and sock himself in an effort not to look as ridiculous as he felt. He was naked before he realized Hannibal had yet to take off any of his own clothing. It made Will hunch into the ladder, resting his forehead on a rung. This was about penance as much as it was about reconciliation.

"It is both one of the top oils for massage as well as a lovely salad garnish." Hannibal told Will as he poured a generous amount of the thin yellow liquid into his palm. One hand

parting his flesh, Will winced as Hannibal slipped two of his fingers past the tight ring of muscle and straight into him. Grunting, Will could feel his heat clench down hard around upon the intrusion.

“You’re prepping me with your dressing?” Will gasped out, arching his back as his body seemed to take the fingers in deeper. Closing his eyes, Will lost himself to the sharp precise movements within him, stretching him.

“Mmmm…” Hannibal hummed, memorizing the sight of Will’s spine dipping and curving as he was violated. “You know you left me less than pleased with your little display yesterday...”

Will felt his breath hitch as the talented in everything that he did medical doctor found his prostate with practiced ease, stroking the sensitive gland to make Will buck despite his growing panic.

“I-I’m sorry.” Will stammered, voice cut short by another stroke to his sweet spot, making him squirm. Hannibal was being gloriously merciless, putting more fingers into Will to fan them out.

“I would like you to make it up to me, Will.” Hannibal purred, stroking Will’s bundle of nerves again and again. He intentionally pressed down when he found it, making Will forget to take in air for himself. “I would like you to cum for me.”

Confused, blue eyes made glassy looked back to find sanguine, “You want me to cum? But… how’s that going to make up for anything? What about you?” Will managed out, rasping the words as he knocked his head against the wood as a fourth finger drove into his oiled heat.

“You have done me a great injustice, Will. Would you truly deny me my request?” The fourth finger had been added too early, creating an aching pressure in Will who was forced to comply. All too eager to please, Will let his head loll about on his shoulders as he took each finger thrust, rolling his hips to help deepen the motion. He greedily took everything that Hannibal offered into him as his touch found their mark again and again.

Quivering, Will nodded, finding it easier to allow himself to succumb to his pleasure than try and fight it. He didn’t stand a chance anyway. Hannibal knew what he was doing, was obviously well versed with the human body and how to get the results he wanted from it.

Concentrating on the building pressure in his loins and the all-consuming pleasure filling his core, Will clenched down on another sharp thrust from the doctor and came with a cry, several thick spurts of pleasure striping the ladder as Will found his peak and fell from it.

“Thank you, Will.” Hannibal smiled, slipping his fingers out of Will to clean them off with his handkerchief. Leaning in to steal a kiss from soft panting lips, he turned Will back around to lean him up against the ladder. The man was shaky, weak from his previous exhaustion now further complicated with his release. Will gratefully let the ladder take his weight, relaxing into it until he saw Hannibal’s face, the cold smile that graced the man’s handsome face.

The corners of Hannibal's thin lips were pulled back ever so slightly as he took Will's wrists and raised them over his head, pressing their hold back on the rungs. "Precious William, we're not done yet." he told Will who was still panting for breath. Sudden understanding seemed to light up his tired blue eyes from within as he made his fingers tighten around the rungs again.

"Now…now you'll take your pleasure? Now that I've climaxed, now that I'm tired and over-sensitive." Will groaned as he caught up. He might not be well versed in relationship and intimacy with another person, but he knew enough to get worried. It was only confirmed as he watched Hannibal open his fly to pull out his swollen cock.

As Hannibal advanced upon him, intent clear in mind, Will parted his legs, letting them be drawn up and out to wrap their lengths around a clothed waist. In a single fluid movement, Hannibal pushed his cock into Will's slicked heat, feeling the muscles of his inner sex clench around him with the sudden intrusion.

"Yes." Hannibal said, tasting victory sweet as sin on his tongue. His fingers dug into Will's hips hard enough to leave bruises as he took half a moment to gather himself before pulling out, leaving only his tip in before plunging back in with enough force to bounce Will's back off of the ladder. It drove noises out of Will, abrupt sounds that were ragged and wild. "Hannibal!" Will cried out, quivering at the intensity that exploded within him. Hannibal was nailing his prostate, making his legs quake as the older man pulled himself out again to repeat the harsh treatment over and over. Pleading overcast blue eyes found his own to pull another reptilian smile from the doctor as he snapped his hips. The notes of Will's cry was sweet to his ear.

"After a man has reached orgasm, he is left oversensitive to the touch. Continued manual stimuli can be uncomfortable, sometimes even painful. Not to all though. Some find it pleasurable. Let's find out which you are." Hannibal explained, leaning in to sample Will's intoxicating scent of ecstasy and pain, his own musk mixing with the profiler's to create something enticing and new.

Whimpers poured from Will's quivering lips as Hannibal's thrusts found an even pace within him, each forceful movement into Will's body finding its mark and making him cry, his nails breaking as they tried to make marks into the wooden rung, his grip keeping him aloft.

"You're punishing me," Will could barely manage the words, shaking from the barrage upon his body. A broad tongue laved over a purpling mark left behind by Nigel, Hannibal's own bite mark carved over it.

"Do you know why?" Hannibal asked, sinking his own teeth back into that same mark, deepening his claim upon it.

"Please, Hannibal. I'm sorry!" Will begged, his arms starting to give out on him. He released the thick wood, instantly regretting his decision as gravity took him, driving the doctor in deeper as Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal's neck.

Hannibal drove in again, harder, deeper, faster than before, taking his weight easily while using the ladder's angle to his advantage. "Sorry for what?"

“I’m sorry I slept with Nigel!” Will gasped, clenching down as he took all of Hannibal into him. He felt too full, too swollen, too present in the moment. Another snap of hips, and Hannibal had him reeling.

“It is not a performance I would like you to repeat.” Hannibal said, his words gentle as he drank in Will’s pain. The man was all but screamed, gritting his teeth against the onslaught as Hannibal brought himself closer and closer to his own release. Leaning in, Hannibal licked away the tears that began to trail down Will’s cheek.

“It won’t happen again. I‘m sorry…” Will pleaded and promised with him, desperate to please the sadist beneath him and free himself. As though he flicked a switch, Hannibal’s movements shifted, his thrusts taking him to a place just past Will’s prostate. The overwhelming stimuli was lessened to more of a feeling of deep fullness as Hannibal’s girth continued to shift within, his thrusts taking on a more leisurely pace. Thin lips found Will‘s mouth, almost like an apology, all soft soothing things that Hannibal usually didn’t bother with. It helped ease the panic from Will’s body as he took the smooth deep thrusts with ragged gasps until at last Hannibal stilled within him, emptying himself into Will with barely a sound.

“Thank you, Will.” Hannibal kissed Will again, gently, slowly, nipping at his bottom lip with muted affection as he let the man catch his breath. Will didn’t know if he was being thanked for the fuck or for agreeing not to sleep with Nigel ever again, like that was even a remote possibility. As much as he would like to see him again, the odds of Nigel ever reentering his life, much less become even a minor part of it as a friend of some sort, were slim to none. It was an impossibility, like trying to mold shadows with light and dust motes.

All he cared about now was going home and getting cleaned up. He was sore, tired, and with his and Hannibal’s relationship more than less rectified, he felt he deserved a good night’s rest. With a clear conscious, he had a feeling that sleep would not elude him, at least tonight.

“So is this my new therapy?” Will asked, couldn’t keep himself from doing so. He decided to try for some amount of clarification as a softened member slipped out of him, the doctor carefully lowering Will back to his feet. Brushing back the sweat slicked curls from Will’s forehead, Hannibal only smiled in answer. The expression made Will shiver.

OoOoO

Entering his home with a spring in his step, Hannibal almost felt as alive as he did after hunting, his blood on fire as it pumped through his veins. He felt mentally and physically sated for once. Hannibal felt good, almost in a benevolent enough mood to forgive Nigel for staking a claim on his personal possession. Will truly was something to behold when lost in the throes of lust so he couldn‘t really blame his twin for having good taste.

Taking off his jacket to fold it neatly over his arm as he loosened his tie, Hannibal entered his sanctuary, “Nigel.” Hannibal called out as he entered his kitchen. His twin had been avoiding him for an obvious reason, and that was easy to do in a house this size, but like the tom cat he was, Nigel could always be counted on to show up on time for meals. “I am about to begin dinner. Would you prefer Thai or Italian?”

It was then that Hannibal noticed a piece of paper tastelessly taped to his fridge. Hannibal was irked to see it was the paper he preferred to use for stationary, the quality of it thick and rich to the touch. Peeling the note off of his stainless steel appliance, Hannibal read the one word scrawled across it in sharp cursive, the handwriting so much like his own but not. His fingers curled around the message to savage the paper. If looks could kill, there would have been a fresh cemetery around Hannibal.

'*Mine*'

Chapter End Notes

Your kudo's are taking turns jumping off the ladder and onto the chaise lounge, your comments are racing to Will's house to get a good seat for the next chapter.

The writers are whispering plot idea's to each other while watching from the clouds.

Prisoner

Chapter Summary

Will comes home to find another car in his driveway, one he doesn't know.

Chapter Notes

What's this we've written? A little fluff? A little smut? We'll just leave this right here and see what happens. C;

WE OWN NOTHING!!!

Written/proofed/loved by us~<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As he drove from Baltimore to Wolf Trap, Will tried to comprehend what the hell had happened to his life. At what point had the ever neurotic and undesirable Will Graham become the forbidden fruit that drove others to seek out and claim him?

Frustrated and sore with too little understanding as to why, Will tried again to calm his fraying nerves as he turned onto the long winding road that led deep through the wood to his lonely little house out on the fields. His pack would be waiting for him when he got there, dying to get out and play before the evening cold became too much for Will to bear and he was forced to take them in.

It should have been a soothing sight for Will as he pulled up, but an unfamiliar car in his driveway did nothing to calm his nerves. Finding its driver missing from inside and not waiting on his porch, Will wasted no time as he hurried into the house, cursing at himself. He never bothered to lock his doors. Living so far out in the country and owning nothing of value besides some decent fishing gear didn‘t really make him a desirable target for a break in. Having seven dogs was another good deterrent, though his pack was trained for more companionship than guard duty. An intruder was more likely to receive wagging tails and begs for food than a deserved mauling.

Taking the steps two at a time, Will threw open the door, one of his greatest fears coming to light at the silence of the empty house that greeted him. “No, no, no.” he chanted. racing around the small home in search of his pack, calling out to the missing members of his family as he threw open doors and searching odd hiding places.

“Oh God no, please no….“ Will sighed, begging any greater power that was listening in. The dogs had gotten out…..again. It would happen from time to time. Unable to resist an unlocked door, the idiot who owned the strange car out front probably hadn’t expected seven dogs to bum rush them when they opened the door. With Will’s luck, they had all probably found the biggest, wettest mud hole to play in. The absence of the car’s owner told Will that his uninvited guest was more than likely trying to chase down playful dogs, The canines were probably basking in their freedom and ignoring nervously made commands from desperate strangers trying to put them back in the house before someone noticed that they were missing.

The pack never went far, and there was a lot of land between Will and his neighbors or any road so that was a relief. He was too sore for this shit though, the thought of dealing with a stranger, and then tromping through the woods and fields trying to find his pack was almost enough to bring tears to his eyes. The odds of them being even some semblance of clean were slim to none. Seven filthy dogs who lived for mud in need of a bath were the last thing Will needed. He briefly considered taking his own bath first to let the heat soak out some of the ache in his bottom.

“Anything but this…” Will grumbled, knowing that wasn’t going to happen. He would be responsible, deal with his unwanted guest whoever they were, send them packing, and find his pack.

Stiffening when he heard a bark, Will slowly lifted his head to listen again for the sound, searching out its direction and hoping with every fiber of his being that the pack was near, and above all, reasonably clean. It came again soon enough, another sharp bark from one of his dogs. Will slowly made his way to the kitchen, looking out there windows to find a sight there that squeezed his heart like a vice, and filled his chest with the thrumming of a thousand fluttering bugs.

Out playing with his dogs was Nigel, the man running through the high grass of scrub fields and wrestling with his boys as they tackled him to the ground. He was laughing and smiling as he played with the pack, yelling insults and encouragement in the same breath. Nigel moved so easily among the dogs, to chase them and call them back with games of tag and fetch. His clothing was stained with paw prints and dirt, his hair was a wind torn mess, and if he were foolish, Will could have fallen in love with him as he watched them all play.

Trying to resist the temptation of it…he wasn‘t some hormonal teenager for god‘s sake…. Will couldn’t help the smile that pulled at his lips, couldn’t have stopped it if he tried. Wanted to join them as badly as he wanted to watch Nigel and dogs play forever, Will was already walking out the back door to steal the affection of his pack from their new playmate. Clicking his tongue to get everyone’s attention, his dogs came running up to greet their beloved master, begging for attention with wagging tails and loving whines.

“Hey guys, miss me?” Will smiled, crouched down to better scratch behind ears and rub presented bellies, giving each member a loving hello. Hearing the soft sound of earth underfoot, Will glanced over from his furry family to the man approaching his house to lean up against it, lighting a cigarette. As if he knew Will was looking over at him, Nigel looked up to regard Will with a wicked smile and a puff of silvery blue smoke.

“Evening, gorgeous.” were the two words that set Will’s cheeks on fire, the man’s voice sin personified.

“Nigel, what are you doing here?” Will found himself asking more pleased than he should have been, had any real right to be. Boundaries had been crossed, and yet, he still couldn’t find it in himself to feel mad about it. He should have been furious, downright murderous when it came to the safety of his pack, about finding basically a stranger in his yard. One who had gone into his house without his permission, but as he looked at the grass stained jeans and Nigel’s messy hair, the best he could do was try and keep the smile off his face, the one that threatened to keep pushing through to the surface. Will wasn’t used to smiling. He usually wasn’t given a whole lot of reason to.

“I wanted to see you again. Thought I’d surprise you with dinner since I didn’t have your number. I got your address from Hannibal.” Nigel said, which in way was true. Nigel left out that he had gotten it from his twin’s records which were in a locked drawer behind a very locked door. Will arching a brow back at him told Nigel that the profiler wasn’t buying it.

Taking another long drag from his cigarette, the bad man from Bucharest shrugged as he crouched down to pet Winston who had wandered back over to him for head scratches. “I was waiting in my car when I heard barking and scratches at the door. I was bored so I figured I’d let the kids out. You really should lock your doors.” he explained, offered up a vague hand gesture in way of ‘sorry but not sorry’ apology for his intrusion. “I didn’t think when you asked me if I liked dogs you meant a fucking pack of them.”

“I didn’t think you meant it when you said you liked dogs.” Will countered, decided that the story was good enough since no real harm had been done.

Rolling Winston onto his back to attack the canine with a belly rub that had his leg going, Nigel gave Will that wolfish grin he was starting to recognize as being all Nigel. “Darling, I love them.”

“Would you like to come in for a drink?” Will offered, dusting himself off as he got up. He should be sending Nigel away, not inviting him in, but Will couldn‘t bring himself to voice the dismissive words. “I’ve got some Jack Daniels. It’s not Pappy Van Winkle, but it’s good. Better than some….”

“If it was good enough for Ol’ Blue Eyes, it sure as hell good enough for me.” Nigel grinned at Will’s stunned expression, his maroon eyes dancing with mischief.

“You like Frank Sinatra?” Will chuckled. He hadn’t been expecting that. Honestly, he wasn’t quite sure what to expect from Nigel.

“Mobsters, booze, gambling…what’s not to like, Angel Eyes?” Nigel smirked, finishing his cigarette to snub out the cherry on his heel to pocket the butt, much to Will‘s surprise. “A better question would be- Would you like to come out and play?”

The counter offer won, Will taking off to be chased by his pack out into the darkened fields of his Virginia home, Nigel hot on his heels. Though he gave a good chase, Will was caught

in the end, picked up to be thrown over a broad shoulder by the older man. He would have been carried off if Will hadn't managed to stop laughing.

Will shouting to his pack for assistance, Nigel soon found his getaway with his prize ruined by seven dogs, three of which that were quite large, knocking him to the ground to maul him with their tongues and nip at his feet. It was distraction enough to let Will get away, the man taking off back toward the house, only calling the dogs away when he had a decent enough head start.

You're still trying to run? I know where you live, and this time, I'm not going to let you get away." Nigel called out as he got up off the ground. Turning with a wide grin on his face, Will's eyes narrowed with wicked intent. Clicking his tongue twice sent the dogs running toward Nigel, forcing the man to turn on his heel and run from the dogs. He disappeared behind the house with a holler and some cursing in a foreign language.

"Is that the sound of surrender?" Will grinned, walking at a leisurely pace around the side of his house. The dogs wouldn't hurt Nigel, and hell, they needed the exercise anyway.

Perhaps feeling a touch too smug for his own good, Will yelped in surprise when as he was tackled and scooped up again in one smooth motion, neatly thrown back over Nigel's shoulder as the man tore around the house. Even with his burden, Nigel bounded up the wooden steps and into Will's little house through the back kitchen door, slamming it shut before the pack could come to Will's rescue.

"You are now my prisoner," Nigel announced with a note of breathless glee as he, lowered Will onto the counter to sit. Will wasn't smiling back though, the man looking over at Nigel with an indiscernible expression.

"You look a little pink. Is everything alright? Nothing is amiss, is it?" Nigel asked, leaning in to steal a kiss. He paused when he saw apprehension twist Will's features, the man moving away instead of into him. "What's wrong, my darling?"

"Why do you have a gun?" Will said, his eyes going to where he had felt it tucked into Nigel's belt at the small of his back.

"You are too smart to be asking me stupid questions, or believe the lies I could tell you. Why do you think?" Nigel smiled, the expression far from sweet now as he brushed stray curls out of Will's face. It wasn't the cool anger that Hannibal's still face could retain, and etch crags into his face like glaciers. Nigel's version of it was more like heat coming off of tarmac, the shifting of heated air the only warning you got before your shoe's sole was melted off of your foot.

'What do you do for a living in Bucharest?" Will made himself not flinch from Nigel's touch, suddenly very aware that his pack was outside, and his own firearm was locked safely away in his car at the moment. There were other weapons in the house, but none within immediate reach.

"Tell you what, why don't we play a game? You tell me what I do, things about myself, and I'll answer you 'yes' or 'no'. That way you only ask the questions you want answers to."

Nigel chuckled, the noise of it rough, dark, and doing terrible things to Will's libido. He hoped the bad man's smoking habit had ruined his sense of smell. If it was anything like Hannibal's, Will was screwed…..in more ways than just one.

"Are you a killer?" Will said point blank. His directness make Nigel erupt with laughter, the man leaning in to rest his head on Will's shoulder as his own shook from the force of his mirth.

"Ever the total package, my darling. Brains, the ass of an angel, and guts. Tell me you know how to shoot a gun, and I'll marry you." Nigel said, drawing back before Will could realize that he was only half joking. He could smell Hannibal on Will, scents of his brother's cologne, semen, and blood. Ignoring it for now, he smiled at Will, keeping the anger off of his face. Will's dislike of eye contact was a boon in this instance. Nigel wasn't sure if he could keep it all out of his eyes. He was a brutal man pretending not to be, a monster hiding in plain sight.

"You didn't answer my question." Will pointed out as he considered Nigel's shirt. Hannibal would have never worn such a shirt. It was a casual button down with little dachshunds printed all over its lightly colored surface. It was really kind of hideous, ridiculous enough to make Will bite the inside of his cheek to keep from laughing.

"Do you really want me to?" Nigel gave Will a crooked smile, pressing a light trail of kisses to tickle Will's jaw line.

"No." Will chuckled, the sound of it stolen and tired around the edges. He was tired of life not giving him nice things, deciding that maybe it was time to just start taking them for himself. There was no doubt in Will's mind that Nigel was a killer, but he wasn't the kind Will hunted or had to think like. He could live with that for now.

"If it helps, most of them deserved it." Nigel mused, kisses turning to warning nips when Will snickered, muffling it poorly. "What has you tickled pink?"

'Your shirt is…." Will couldn't think of a good enough word that was colorful enough to explain it.

"Classic, understated, fun…" Nigel threw out some suggestions, grinning down at his own apparel. Hannibal hadn't liked it either.

"Vile." Will concluded with a nod.

"Says the guy wearing plaid." Nigel snorted in open distain back, flicking a button of the man's counter argument. Will's shirt was missing quite a few. Hannibal had not been gentle. This close, Nigel would see patterns of teeth placed over the bruising he had left behind on Will. Their presence bothered him. His marks had been made with the idea of pleasure in mind, but Hannibal's had been made with an intent. It didn't seem to sit well with him.

"And the ones who didn't…" Will sighed, losing his humor. Nigel retained a hold on his own, looking at Will with sparkling eyes and wolf's grin.

“No one is innocent in my line of work.” Nigel promised, because it was mostly true. There were exceptions of course, but very few. Charlie Countryman had arguably been one of the few, but in that case, some people were just too stupid to keep themselves breathing. “Does that bother you?”

“It should…” Will trailed off, unsure of himself anymore. He wondered how many ‘most wanted’ lists Nigel was on.

“Is it because I look like my brother?” Nigel asked, brushing his nose against Will’s own, blue eyes flitting up to meet his from time to time. He like the dance and play of dark lashes on pale cheeks as they fluttered and fell.

“Perhaps…at the beginning. I don’t think of you like that though, not after we talked, and not now. You’re you, and Hannibal is Hannibal.” Will said and it was true. They may look made from the same metal, but Hannibal and Nigel was forged very differently from one another. “Hannibal is a hard person to love. He has high walls.”

“Preaching to the choir, sweetheart. I was there when they went up. I know who built them and why.” Nigel said, pressing his tongue to the back of his teeth in thought. He wondered how much Will really knew about them, about their beginnings and the creation of who and what they were. Considering that it was Hannibal doling out the information, the answer was probably somewhere between ‘jack’ and ‘shit’.

“Could you love me?” Nigel asked because he could be blunt too, looking straight into Will’s eyes as he did.

“I think you would be bad for me, and I think I would be bad for you.” Will borrowed Alana’s words, though his tone was vastly different from that failed moment between them. It wasn’t sad or full of regret. It sounded more like Will was trying to convince himself out of a terrible idea.

“You didn’t answer the question.” Nigel teased, titling his head to place a soft kiss to Will’s lips. It was light and chaste and the kind of sweet Nigel never was.

“I have an empathy disorder and work for law enforcement, and you’re a violent psychopath who is probably wanted in several countries. Something is bound to go awry.” Will pointed out dryly, and yet it still managed to sound like some sort of perverse come on and not the flat out dismissal it needed to be. Nigel’s lips upon his own kept him well in place.

“You say the sweetest things.” Nigel laughed against Will’s mouth. “I’ll have you know all the charges have been dropped and nothing has ever stuck.”

Not surprised to hear that, Will sighed, not wanting to delve into the key issue at hand, the one he had been avoiding. It was going to ruin everything budding between them. “I saw Hannibal today.” he frowned, closing his eyes to not see Nigel’s reaction, whatever that may be.

“Oh yeah?” Nigel didn’t sound surprised or move away from Will. Instead he leaned in to rub his cheek against Will’s stubbly own. “And did he fuck you?”

Will grimaced, turning away or at least tried to. Nigel‘s arms kept him there, too close. “Course he did,” Nigel scoffed, reaching up to run a finger over the tender mark left behind by Hannibal’s teeth over his own. “I can see his designs all over you.”

“He…” Will fumbled for words, feeling his cheeks flush and skin heating with humiliation as he tried to explain to one brother the demands of the other twin. “…punished me for sleeping with you. He told me not to do it again.” He couldn’t believe he was actually having this conversation with another human being even as the words left his lips.

“So?” was the response that made Will look up to the man before him, unsure stormy blue meeting longing sanguine.

“Last I checked, you made your own decisions, darling, Hanni doesn’t own you.” For all his skills with empathy, Will couldn’t quite place the peculiar fire he watched burn for him within those eyes. “For that matter, neither do I...”

“…though I‘d like to.” Sliding a dirt smeared hand up Will’s thigh to cup the rounded curve of his ass, Nigel tugged Will closer to him, standing in between the man’s legs. The only real thing keeping them apart was their clothing “I’ve never wanted anyone so fucking much in all my life as I want you. If you’ll have me, I swear to you I’ll never know the flesh of another again.”

“You can’t say that.” Will laughed, more choking at the offer than finding it humorous. It was everything he had ever wanted to hear. It was too good to be true of course. This was real life, not a love song. “No one says those sort of things and means them, especially not to me.”

“Why not? Do you think you’re too broken?” Nigel asked, running his hands up and down Will’s sides and back, memorizing the lines of the body against him.

“Life doesn’t give me nice things…” Will’s voice finally broke. This, whatever it was, was simply too good to be true. “And if the shoe fits….”

“I’m not going to apologize for my behavior.” Nigel sighed as he touched their foreheads together. “The fucking love…the fucking love turns me somewhat insane if I’m being completely honest with you. Can I tell you that?”

“You can. It only confirms my earlier evaluation of you.” Will said, feeling somewhat sad about it. Really what did he expect though? Anyone reasonably sane would be running from him, not to him.

“As a violent psychopath? Perhaps, but I would never hurt you.” Nigel promised the best he could.

“Liar.” Will shot back. “You already have, and you already will. You’re going back to Bucharest. I’ll be a fond memory of a ‘fine fuck’, if that.”

“Oh darling, you should have realized by now that there is no force on this fucking earth strong enough to take me away from you, not unless you send me, and even then you’re

fucked. I‘ll always find you, no matter where you go.” Nigel said, running his lips across Will’s cheeks so that the man could feel the warm silk of them.

“Sounds ominous. Should I be worried?” Will murmured, too involved with the movements of Nigel’s body to care how he sounded or even what he was saying.

“No. All I ask is that you join me in insanity. Can you be in love with me too?” Nigel stole kisses from Will’s skin in between words.

Wrapping his arms around his yet another bad choice in life’s shoulders, Will pulled himself close, pressing his body flush against Nigel’s, merging lines. Strong arms snuck around Will’s back to scoop him up by his ass, making Will wrap his lithe legs around solid hips as he was carried to the small bed in his living room.

When Nigel kissed him though, it was all soft lips and gentle caresses, so unlike Hannibal. Large familiar hands ghosted over his abused flesh in the barest of touches as Nigel slowly stripped Will of his cotton and khakis. His own tentative hand reached in time before Nigel could remove his underwear though, a look of shame souring Will’s soft features as he turned away.

“I haven’t had a chance to clean up yet.” Will tried to explain. He didn’t want to ruin the moment between them, but finding the remains of Hannibal‘s claim upon him would do just that. Will had been allowed to clean up to an extent in Hannibal’s office bathroom, but Will hadn’t wanted to finger himself to clean out the excess. The semen had worked out on its own the long drive home to cement cotton briefs sticky to his skin and undercarriage. It made Will feel base and more than a touch spoiled.

Taking the hand that tried to fend him off, Nigel kissed each of Will’s fingers, making his lips travel to his wrist where he gently sucked at a bone point, leaving a too pink kiss there. “I don’t fucking care.” Nigel said, and he didn’t let it show in his face and eyes that he did. In his opinion, Hannibal was a heavy handed fool. Force and rigid control might make Will obedient up to a point at Hannibal’s side, but honeyed words and a soft touch would make him stay with Nigel all on his own.

Hooking his fingers into Will’s briefs again Nigel slid them down long legs to be thrown on the floor with the rest. He took a moment to appreciate the impression of teeth over his own markings, and the impression of fingertips left along his hips.

Taking his shirt by the hem, Nigel pulled off the dachshund print button down to throw it over shoulder to join the rest on the floor, his filthy jeans soon to follow. It left them on equal terms, both men naked now and watching each other.

“I want you, darling, and I don’t fucking care if your filthy or clean. I need you like I need air, food, and water.” Nigel said as he covered Will’s body with his own. Toned arms and legs wrapped around him in welcome, keeping Nigel where he was to be met with a tender kiss from Will as their hips began to gently rock together. The light friction between skin and the rough texture of pubic curls dragged quiet moans from both as Nigel stroked Will’s sorely tender flesh with light touches, fingers dancing along his ribs and sides to leave goose bumps in their wake.

“Nigel…” Will moaned the man’s name, threading his fingers through hair that felt more coarse than his brother’s. Obviously Nigel had less love for personal products than Hannibal did.

Quitting that kind of thinking while he was ahead because Hannibal had no place here, Will easing his legs further apart to slide them up naked sides. He was presenting himself, wanting the man above him to slip his hardened flesh inside.

“…I want this.” Will gasped, finally finishing his thought on the matter. He felt rough fingers slide along his thighs in answer, lifting his legs a fraction higher to hook around Nigel’s waist. He was gifted with a smile, the expression held soft and sweet on Nigel’s sharply featured face, the likes of which Will had never seen on Hannibal‘s.

“I as well, my darling.” Nigel leaned in to map out the line of Will’s jaw in a string of kisses, finding his way to parted lips. Their silk was capturing and claimed to have a tongue slipped past. Will was tasted and his moaning swallowed as a finger found its way into his entrance, still loose and slick with oil.

Whimpered as his sex was intruded, Will could feel too much, the digit slipping inside him easily. It was quickly followed by another, his opening still prepped from Hannibal, still slick inside thanks to the other twin. It let this brother work him open once more with ease.

“You feel so good to me darling, are so very good for me.” Nigel praised, removing his fingers to replace their fanned out expanse with his own girth. Spitting in his hand, Nigel slicked his cock up. Easing himself inside with a slow smooth thrust, Nigel buried himself to the root in Will.

Back curving sharply, Will lost himself to the feeling of sudden fullness. He clung to the body above him as it stilled, letting sore muscles adjust to the new intrusion in their midst. A bad man was stroking fingers through his curls, and gifted him with feather light kisses, trying to distract Will from the slight pain of it. Solid hips were rocked in a slow deep fuck to draw moan after moan out of Will. It was all too nice from a man who Will knew didn’t normally offer up such things.

“Nigel…”Will whimpered, searching out his lover’s mouth to ground himself with. He shifted his hips to try and meet each gentle motion with his own.

“Nigel, I want this.” Will could hear himself plead, burying his face into one strong shoulder. He hid his face there in the crook, his breath hitching against Nigel’s skin as the man took his cock in hand to work Will in time to his hip’s pacing.

“You can have this, my darling.” One arm hooked around the empath’s back, the other looping behind his shoulders, holding the profiler tight against him as they moved, “I’m not going anywhere,”

Despite what his brother might think, Nigel had no intention of leaving, at least not without Will. He would kidnap the man if he had to. Nigel could feel every gasp and shudder passing through Will’s being as he filled him with a slow building pleasure. One gentle fuck after

another brought Will closer and closer to his peak until at last, he was shaking, crying out Nigel's name in a broken moan as he spilled his seed between them.

Bodies slick with sweat and cum, Nigel continued his leisure thrusts, building up to his own end, his strong arms crushing Will against him. Climax was reached with a grumbling groan as Nigel emptied his essence within, flooding Will's core with his heat. They stayed that way for several moments, just holding one another as their breathing settled and their hearts slowed their wild beating. Nigel didn't move until he felt the Will's legs slide from his waist, letting him pull his limp sex from Will's heat and roll to his side.

"Are you feeling hungry?" Nigel asked with a grin. Will arched a tired brow, glancing over at Nigel in answer.

"I'm not getting up to make you a sandwich." Will snorted, almost tempted to hit the man in his smug face with his pillow.

Nigel laughed, deep and hardy, a stark contrast to Hannibal's controlled chuckle. "No darling, I brought us dinner. Let me get it from the car. We can have a lazy picnic on your bed, and when we are done, we can go to sleep or fuck again."

A slow smile pulled Will's lips and he could only give a slight nod as he watched Nigel get up to walk out the door naked as the day he'd been born. He didn't get very far, the waiting pack barreling through the door to over enthusiastically greet him. Will winced as Nigel's bare back hit hardwood, the man toppled over.

"I guess you have been rescued." Nigel grinned, shooing wet noses off of sensitive places.

"Guess I have." Will laughed, throwing his pillow at Nigel‘s head.

Chapter End Notes

Your kudo's play with the puppies who've broken in to tackle them with kisses, your comments feel like they're being watched and start looking for eyes in the darkness.

Oh my! Did we just leave a hint?

Killer Fight

Chapter Summary

Things finally come to a head with Nigel and Hannibal. The twins fight, but there can only be one winner.

Chapter Notes

Hi! DarkmoonSigel here! My turn to feed the kitty readers!
Now kittens....in case you missed it.
Nigel is not married. Gabi is dead cause for reasons.
Will totally consented cause he's a crazy flower crown baby and loves rough loving.
Everyone involved is totally fucked up in the head one way or another. There is no right pairing and there is certainly no healthy pairing. So have fun with it. We are all mad here.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They had always been close, as close as two monsters could be anyway.

After the death of their parents and the brutal murder of their beloved Mischa, it had just been the twins left to fend for themselves. The boys had been the one constant in each other's lives after everything else had been lost. They bore witness to tragedy that rendered them silent for a time and to horrors, the kind of which that changed them forever from frightened children to what they were today.

Despite their very different personalities and motivations, they maintained a bond between them. Fate, vengeance, and fury in all its forms had forged very binding links, the kind of which that were stronger than blood and not easily broken. It was by the will of those three things that Hannibal had even seen Nigel willingly indulge in cannibalism with the same enthusiasm as he did, at least for a time. Together they had tracked down all the pigs parading around as men, and avenged their darling Mischa, carving out pound by pound all the flesh that had been greedily taken from her bones.

Even after life had pulled them in very different directions, they had remained in contact through all means of communication and when they could manage it, bi-yearly visits. They were as close as any two killers could be, such things needing space and a certain trust, and yet, they were bonded on a deeper level beyond such mundane concepts as family and brotherhood.

Witnessing for the second time Nigel claim what was his, Hannibal began to wonder what his brother's flesh might taste like sautéed in a red wine reduction. Betrayal was leaving his mouth bitter, anger souring it even further. It was distasteful.

Sanguine eyes watched the slow rocking of Nigel's body as he buried his cock deep into Will's yielding flesh. The quiet shaking was noted in Will as he took his brother to the hilt. Hannibal scrutinize how Will arched further into his twin, taking him in deeper. What made it worse in a way was how Will was smiling, the rare expression coming naturally to the man in Nigel's presence. Relaxed and soft, Will looked as radiant as a full moon slipping out from under cloud cover to surprise the world below with silvery light.

Envy was not something Hannibal was used to feeling, having only seen the dark side of that moon. He found he wanted to bask in its light as well, made malleable and surreal from it. It was the first time in his life, Hannibal longed to see the liquid scarlet of his own twin stain the life lines of his hands. A thought he had never believed would cross his mind, but the longer he stood in the darkness watching Nigel bring Will closer and closer to his peak, the stronger that blood lust borne of rage became.

Taking a deep breath to reclaim some control, for this was not the time or the place for such things, Hannibal found he couldn't stop the scowl that broke through his mask. He stayed to watch Will reach orgasm, clinging with desperation to his brother as pleasure consumed him. All too soon to, Nigel followed him, holding Will closer than he had any right to while lost in his own throes of passion, marking Will with his seed and open mouthed kisses upon Will's lips.

It was enough to drive Hannibal to blood.

"Patience," Hannibal quietly schooled himself, turning away from the spectacle to begin the long walk back to his car. He had left the Bentley closer to the main road than Will's house, not wanting to alert anyone of his presence in the event he was suddenly inspired to restock his freezer.

"Patience."

OoOoO

It wasn't until the sun threatened to peek over the horizon, all bright morning blues receding night purples, that Nigel returned to Baltimore, returning to Hannibal's to rest his weary head. Instead of sleeping, he had watched over Will while the man slumbered, scaring away the nightmares with his kisses and presence alone.

When he was in Will's presence, Nigel decided that he had never felt so good in all his life, so complete. He found himself living for the sight of Will's eyes lighting up from within from laughter, mirth changing their color to more blue than grey, and his small smile tugging at the corners of his lips, an awkward thing made cautious from lack of use.

All the little things that Will did to protect himself from other people and all the little hurts that wounded made Nigel want to shield him. The very bad man from Bucharest felt a

strange need, almost like a calling, to keep Will safe so that timid smile could have a chance to grow into something bolder and better.

Tapping a smoke from his soft pack of Camels, Nigel lit up and strode into the house, letting the satisfying taste of nicotine ghost over his tongue as he pulled in a long slow drag. He smelled like smoke anyway so what was a little more.

“You up, Hanni?” Nigel called out as he passed through the dining room, moving toward the kitchen. He didn’t doubt his entrance had roused his brother from sleep. Like himself, the man was a true predator, able to rise at the slightest out of place sound or movement, alert and ready for blood. Some instincts never died and they were the kind of men to seek them out and hone such methods of survival to a fine point. Once prey evolved to that of predator, there was no real going back. Some swords once forged were meant to remain so.

It was those sort of instincts, made keen by a such unique lifetime, that had Nigel reeling to the side in time and moving with enough speed to let the steel blade of a kitchen knife embed in the wood next to his head instead of in it.

“And good morning to you too, Hanni. Is there a fucking problem?” Nigel said calmly as he gripped the blade by its stainless steel handle, wrenching it free of the molding, “Something you’d like to discuss perhaps over coffee?“ He meet his brother’s rage filled eyes with his identical own, narrowing identical maroon in challenge as he watched his twin select another blade from his knife block.

“You have overstayed your welcome, Nigel.” Hannibal answered with the same placid tone as though they were speaking of the weather. “For your own good, I think it’s time you were returning to Bucharest.”

Nigel pursed his lips as though in consideration as he let the heavy weight of the blade flip and weave between his fingers, making lazy turns with practiced ease. His gun could put a pin in this knife fight, but such an ending was inelegant. They both deserved far more than that kind of death. If they were going to kill each other, it was going to be like this.

“No, I don’t think I’ll be leaving.” Nigel told him. He had already decided that the risk and the price was worth it. He could have walked away, returning to foreign lands, and Hannibal might have let him. Instead, he met Hannibal’s narrowing eyes with a level look of his own. “I only just delayed the departure date of my ticket. I have another five months now to figure out my green card.”

Nigel watched the slight pull of skin around his brother’s jaw, the tight clench of teeth that gave everything away about the wealth of anger so few knew existed within the monster poising as a charming man. “But if I am no longer welcome under your roof while I sort out particulars, I know someone who’d be more than happy to take me in. He was pretty fucking reluctant to let me go this morning.” Nigel grinned, slow and wicked as he drove the final coffin nail home. “I can still taste him on my tongue, smell him in my skin.”

“You are playing a very dangerous game, Nigel. Will Graham is not yours to keep.” Hannibal seethed. It was his last warning, and it was met with a snarl, his generosity thrown back in his face.

“You don’t own him, Hannibal.” Nigel growled, rolling his shoulders to loosen up as he settled the knife in his palm. His grip tightened as he readied himself for the inevitable. “You’re only trying to because you know which one of us my darling prefers. He begged me to stay. Begged. Has he ever done that with you?”

To his credit, Hannibal’s mask stayed in place, the perfect cover to keep him hidden from the rest of the world. It might have fooled anyone else. Nigel knew his brother well enough to see through it though, to recognize the monster peeking back at him with claws out and teeth bared. He answered it with his own version.

“Tomorrow when I see Will and he asks where you’ve gone, I will tell him you have returned to your wife in Bucharest while we dine on the cooling meat of your carcass. When he cries, it will be on my shoulder, and when he craves to be touched, the need will be sated by my hands.” Hannibal said, taking the first step forward as Nigel mirrored him, taking one back. “When he begs for release-”

“He’ll still be calling my fucking name, not yours.” Nigel cut in, throwing his knife before he charged. The knife was for all flash and show, the momentary distraction of it making Hannibal dodge. It gave Nigel enough time to tackle his brother to kitchen tile, bringing them both down hard.

They struggled magnificently against one another, bodies honed and methods of murder perfected from years of practice. It all came down to quickness and strength though, as they grappled for the knife still in Hannibal’s hand.

A soft life had not done Hannibal any favors. Even big fish in little ponds get eaten if they get too fat with complacency. With a knee to the gut that painfully knocked all the air from Hannibal’s lungs, Nigel pried the sharpened steel from his brother’s hands. Knowing that he would have to be quick to end this, Nigel lifted the blade to make its final descent into Hannibal’s heart. He realized belated that he should have been watching Hannibal’s other hand better when he suddenly felt weak. Vision swimming already, Nigel watched in stunned disbelief as his fingers grew numb, enough so to drop the knife with a loud clatter.

“You…” Nigel slurred, falling to his side as the cool sting of a needle slipped out from under his skin. The plunger of it was all the way down, his system flooded with a cocktail of Hannibal‘s creation. His twin was already pushing him off and away, Hannibal picking himself off of the floor to straighten his suit, looking as if nothing had happened. “You… cheating…fuck…”

As his vision shifted and faded to black, the last thing Nigel saw was a smile that reached all the way to dancing maroon eyes, the point of red within them alight with fire. He knew from experience that Hannibal only smiled like that when he had won.

“You should have stayed in Bucharest.”

OoOoO

“He what?”

Will tried to keep the hurt out of his voice and failed. It was a difficult, very different kind of pain than what he was used to. While it consumed him from the inside out, Will tried to swallow the information being fed to him, tried to wrap his brain around it.

Turning from what Will could only guess to be a stew of some kind that probably had some intricate name and distant origin, Will saw that Hannibal regarded him with an air of mild confusion, his noble brow pinched in thought.

“Nigel will not be joining us this evening. He has unfortunately returned to Bucharest sooner than expected. Apparently, his wife has experienced some sort of difficulty there. He didn’t go into detail about it, but he had to catch an immediate flight home.” Hannibal ever so kindly reiterated the lie for Will to drive it home. Inclining his head to denote concern, Hannibal allowed his mask to change from confusion to open worry. “Is something the matter, Will?”

“…there is no force on this fucking earth strong enough to take me away from you, not unless you send me, and even then you’re fucked. I‘ll always find you, no matter where you go…..”

That’s what Nigel had said, had dared to tell Will. Part of him had wanted to believe it so badly, even a little bit, and perhaps he just might have. In that safe haven Will created for himself on earth and in his mind with dogs, fishing, and nature, Nigel had resided there too, if only for a moment. He hadn’t been perfect, far from it, but he had been there. That was a hell of a lot more than Will could say about most people. Part of Will realized just how foolish that had been to let someone like Nigel in that far, to touch him that deeply. Like a house in mourning, Will covered certain mirrors in his mind. He simply couldn’t bear the sight of them. If he dared remember anything good, the reflection of it would make him weep.

“No…” Will lied, closing his eyes like he had a headache to fend off the burn of tears. A whole new kind of agony enveloped him, leaving him weary, his own mind murdering him over and over again with notions and words sharp with the shattering of his heart. He should have known better, should never have allowed himself to become attached, to develop expectations that would only lead to disappointment.

Realization took its own toll as well. What would happen when Hannibal found out that Will had slept with Nigel again? Especially after so very clearly telling Will his feelings upon the matter. Nigel might have been a lying, cheating piece of shit, but Hannibal would be well within his rights to end any sort of relationship with Will. The thought of being left by both men devastated the last of Will’s control. He wouldn’t lie to Hannibal, even if it felt like he was carving out his own heart with blunt words as blades.

Bowing his head as a new kind of fresh hell began to consume him, Will couldn’t stop his shoulders from shaking, sudden emptiness and loss too heavy for him to bear. He had been lied to and abandoned, and now he was about to confess and have it happen all over again.

“Will?” The soft concern in Hannibal’s voice made Will physically ill, the man wondering how he was going to survive this. He watched as Hannibal moved the pot away from the heat, turning off the range as he did so. Before Will knew it or could stop him, Hannibal was

standing before him and taking Will into his arms to hold him close. Will couldn't stop the quaking of his shoulders or the tears turning his eyes from blue to silvery grey.

"Will." Hannibal sighed, taking on the other man's weight as he made Will lean against him for support. Too far gone in his grief, Will let him, looking sorrowfully up at Hannibal. "I'm so sorry, I had no idea you'd become so attached."

Giving in, Will dropped his forehead to Hannibal's shoulder, aware that his regret was soaking the older man's shirt. He couldn't bring himself to care though, Hannibal's long fingers stroking through his curls in a calming manner.

As Hannibal held him, as Will clung to him, the only sure thing left in his life, Hannibal found that he wasn't satisfied. Instead of feeling any sense of fulfillment, Hannibal only felt more rage. This should have been a victory, taking Will back for good from Nigel. Even as he rubbed slow calming circles into Will's back. Hannibal realized that Nigel had still won. Will was still his. He was comforting Will of his lost because he still wanted Nigel.

Fury filled Hannibal, froze his blood in his veins.

This simply would not do. This sort of yearning could not be allowed to exist within Will, Hannibal decided, leaning back to make Will look up. Cupping the man's cheek to tilt it where he wanted it, Hannibal took his time kissing Will who went still under the touch of his lips. Hannibal could smell the shock like fresh mint coming off of Will. It was the only warning he got before desperate fingers tangled in the fine fabric of his dress shirt and frantic arms wrapped themselves around broad shoulders.

"You shouldn't have done that….I-I don't deserve it…" Will stammered out nonsense words against his mouth, all while holding Hannibal there in place. He stood leave and never come back. He should be the one to let Hannibal go, be strong enough to do so. It was his own personal tragedy that he couldn't.

"Why not? I thought that I made my intentions toward you clear." Hannibal feigned ignorance. Will had to admit what he had done to him. It was all part of the ties that would bind Will to him.

"No. No, it's not that. I…" Will's words were trudging, the herd slow to gather. Hannibal was patient, as well as greedy for their stampede. "I slept with Nigel again."

"Oh Will….." and with those two words alone tainted with just enough disappointment , Hannibal grievously wounded Will with ease, the man flinching as if physically struck.

"Saying sorry seemed so trite, insulting even. Words fail me at the moment so I have nothing better to offer you except for my absence and my avoidance. I'll understand if you never want to see me again." Will said the words, but his hands were still upon Hannibal with a tight grip. His fingers seemed locked in place, unable to give up what he wanted.

It was obvious that Will had been expecting abandonment on his part. Another time and another place and with another person, Hannibal would have played upon that fear to the hilt. Feeling Will cling to him as the last stable thing in his life made Hannibal choose another

course of action. He would replace that desire for his brother, tear it from Will's mind and body until all that was left of Nigel was a gaping wound and a bad memory.

"Shhhhhh." Hannibal hushed as he stroked away salty trails from flushed cheeks with the pad of his thumb. "I already know about your transgression. Nigel informed me in detail before he left, but I do appreciate your honesty and your bravery. Your virtues have saved you. I am not angry with you, and I forgive you your trespasses against me."

"Thank you." Will's disbelief made him fumble his gratitude, but he looked so indebted, so relieved Hannibal could pardon the lack of decorum on his part.

"Come Will. It's time for you to make amends." Hannibal said. Like a master with a marionette, Hannibal guided Will with gentle hands from the kitchen, walking him up the stairs and past the guest rooms that made his footing pause and shoulders quake, to the master bedroom at the hallway's end.

He was going to fill that void until Will knew nothing but Hannibal.

OoOoO

It was just a spark, the barest hint of waking up in a strange place and in an even stranger position. Little slivers of conscious thought passed behind the dark of his eyelids like starlight, but it was enough. Nigel followed those strange constellations of his own making as he navigated his way back to the world of the living

Maroon eyes, tinted more red than brown with a crazed slow burn that eat up the earth in them, opened and regarded the space he existed in. He was surrounded by darkness, though not the kind he had been expecting. Instead of the overbearing press of chemicals and disinfectant or graveyard dirt, the smell of expensive cotton, silk, cologne, and leather about him brought an answer to his current location.

As much as he hated using his oversensitive olfactory sense, it was the only real source of input left to him at the moment. While Hannibal reveled in the unique abilities their noses, it was the reason Nigel chain smoked, but not even a lifetime of cigarettes seemed to dull it, only give him a reprieve. Headache aside from all the over information, Nigel was able to deduce that he was in Hannibal's closet. It was a curious place for his brother to store him, considering Nigel expected to wake up on a steel slab in his twin's basement, buried alive, or not at all.

Shifting in place, Nigel was not surprised to find that he was tied up rather tightly, bound and gagged. He was positioned to sit up with his hand behind his back with a rope around his neck to keep him upright and facing in a certain direction. Feeling out his bonds, Nigel tested out his fingers and toes to find that his limbs were still numb from whatever the hell Hannibal had given him. His fingers were barely able to twitch from the unhealthy combination of poor circulation from the ropes and the lingering drugs in his system.

Fighting against the weariness that threatened to overtake him again, Nigel focused on making his fingers move, sliding them along the rough rope he could barely feel as far as he could to figure out his reach and what knot Hannibal had used on him.

“What are you up to, Hannibal?” Nigel wondered, trying to figure out the reasoning behind his placement. Like an answer to his question from a higher power, a light flicked on to momentarily blind Nigel as he adjusted to the sudden intrusion from it, a crack in the door creating a strobe like effect upon him. The door’s intentional spacing was just big enough to let him see out while preventing others from looking in on him. Nigel got to clearly watch as his twin walked Will over to the bed. The man’s body was shaking underneath Hannibal’s touch, and even from here, Nigel could scent Will’s apprehension with an undertone of fear, even as he was sweetly kissed by Hannibal.

“Hannibal…I don’t know if I can …” Will tried to say, his protest swallowed down by thin pouting lips. Lost and ashamed, Will looked so small next to Hannibal as he was overwhelmed by him.

“Wait for me, my darling.” Nigel quietly worked the words into his gag. He couldn’t risk letting Hannibal know that he was fully conscious though he probably was aware of it. It was his chemical blend of sedatives after all. Knowing Hannibal, he probably had it planned out all down to the minute.

“Will,” Hannibal said, taking the man’s chin firmly in hand. He made Will looked at him, meeting a long suffering gaze with his too solid own “Nigel is a selfish man with a hunger for flesh. I’m sorry that you were taken advantage of.”

When Hannibal brought Will in close to press a slow kiss to his lips, Nigel focused on his breathing, making it deep and even. Oxygen in the blood would help push the drugs out of his system. His rapidly beating heart would help do the rest. All it took was focus. Adrenalin was a wonderful thing, especially in the body of someone who knew how to use it to his fullest advantage.

“Nigel may not have valued your affections, but I do.” Hannibal mocked Nigel and promised Will all in one breathe. It was answered by a desperate sort of hope from Will, his blue eyes made more silvery grey with his sadness and dull acceptance of loss.

“I am going to fucking kill you…’ Nigel vowed, tearing at the gag that silenced him with teeth sharp enough to draw blood. He fought for freedom with a new strength and determination that livened up his numb limbs. Nigel was only spurred on when his enraged sanguine eyes met the cool maroon of his brother’s own, Hannibal knowing where to look as he took Will into his arms.

OoOoO

“I will never abandon you, Will. I would never be so callous to you.” Hannibal said, pulling Will to him to capture his lips in a bruising kiss. Walking Will back so that the back of his knees hit the bed, it was simple matter of knocking the man over onto his back, Hannibal landing heavily on top to cage Will with his body. Having Will scrawled out beneath him was not something Hannibal thought he would ever tire of seeing.

“I will never let you go.” was the darkly made promise that caused Will to tremble, the wording too close to something else he had heard before made by the same voice. Hannibal allowed nothing to be said though, sealing his lips over Will’s as he tried to protest.

Will's body held too many conflicting marks upon it from the last few day under the twin's attention. It was like a stamped timeline made up of blues, blacks, and healing yellowish green. Hannibal wanted to add another notation to it.

Unbuttoning Will's shirt to push it off of adorned flesh, Hannibal worked quickly to make his renewed mark among so many. Capturing the sensitive flesh of an already puckering nipple, Hannibal dragged a ragged moan out of Will when he applied teeth along with his attention.

"Hannibal..." Will gasped, gripping at powerful shoulders as more skin was captured and claimed, large hands descended downward in search to the end of Will's pants. Those were stripped from his body as well, leaving Will bare too soon for his liking, especially when he realized that Hannibal was still fully dressed. The power play was not lost on him, but Will accepted it. It was his place to after all.

It was intoxicating to hear his name part from Will's lips. The empath of his talents had a strange way of making it sound rich and alluring, his own name taking the place of his brother's in Will's pretty mouth. Casting another glace to the door, Hannibal was pleased by the thrill of power that ran through him, of making Nigel watch and Will beg for him.

Leaving Will there on his back, Hannibal left off long enough to retrieve a small bottle from his nightstand drawer, some proper lube to use on Will this time. "You're going to come for me, sweet William, and then I want you on your hands and knees." he told the man staring back at him wide eyed.

"But…b.." Will stammered, hating himself for how much he wanted this and didn't at the same time.

"Mine." Hannibal murmured in answer as he leaned in to press his face to the crook of Will's neck. Inhaling deeply to enjoy the bouquet of anticipation tinged with fear, Hannibal caught a surviving spot of creamy skin between his teeth to make Will yelp and move resistant against him. He stilled when Hannibal's hands already found their way between supple thighs. With a sigh, Will parted them for Hannibal to let the man search out his heat with nimble fingers. Hannibal took his time, stroking the cleft of Will's ass to tease his tight entrance. He ignored how it made Will shudder and cry out with growing need.

"No." Will gasped, feeling the cool touch of a finger slicked with oil push into him all the way up to the knuckle. The man above him tensed, stilling in his administrations as the slow slide of sanguine met stormy gray. Will finished his thought to avoid confusion. "No one owns me."

"You want to though…be owned." There was no hesitation residing in Hannibal's assessment of him. It irked Will, the ostentatious attitude that always rubbed him the wrong way like it had the first time they met in Jack's office. It hurt too because Hannibal was right to an extent. "You want someone to care for you. Did you want to belong to Nigel?

"No one." Will tried again, not ready to wave his white flag. "No one, not even him."

A mouth covered his own, the lines of it angry as it devoured his words in a bloody kiss, Hannibal's teeth cutting into his bottom lip. Hannibal stayed there, feeding off of his distress

as two fingers turned to three. Their touch went from gentle to pounding, each thrust homing in on the ball of nerves that made up his prostate. Will could feel his orgasm being dragged out of him almost cruelly. Hannibal was angry with him. No, not angry.

Jealous.

“Would you welcome Nigel back into your life?” was hissed into Will’s ear by Hannibal to nipped at the shell of it. It was the first time Will had heard a real contemptuous edge to the doctor’s voice. Observations were left off for later though as fingers were driven into Will deeper. A particularly aggressive thrust to made Will scream down Hannibal‘s throat. He was being brought too fast and hard. “Even after the man has abandoned you?”

Will could only shake his head, unable to speak. And then, he was empty and cold, Hannibal lifting himself away from him entirely to start wiping his slick fingers off with his handkerchief. Disbelief and a bizarre growing terror started to creep in upon Will as he searched Hannibal’s face to find nothing but indifference there.

“This was too sudden an undertaking. Perhaps I should give you some space and time to consider the choices you‘ve made. You’re obviously not ready for a relationship, and I will not force the idea of it where none is wanted.” Hannibal stated calmly, looking like he had every intention of leaving this room and letting Will gather up his clothing and the shreds of his dignity all on his own.

“No!’ Will yelped, scrambling up to grab at Hannibal even as he started to move away from him. He managed to capture him by the wrist, his fingers digging into the wool there. Part of him rejoiced at Hannibal coming to a standstill again, while others hated himself was wanting the man‘s attention so badly. It was obviously not good for him, that cold focus on him, but when had Will ever been smart about those kind of life choices? “No… please.”

It was the ‘please’ that undid Hannibal, the sweet broken look on Will face. The way his fingers curled around his wrist. “Are you mine then? Mine and mine alone?” He asked, already knowing the answer.

“Yours.” Will nodded weakly, feeling broken down to his foundations. He made himself let go of Hannibal so that he could lay back and spread his legs for him. Presenting himself got what he wanted though, Will feeling the return of fingers pushing into him, scissoring him as more were added to find his sweet spot again. His flagging erection was brought back to standing fullness in no time, the intrusion making Will squirm as he clenched down. He came soon enough, couldn’t have stopped it even he had wanted to. Hannibal was far too skilled in what he did not to.

There was a need inside Will, one that only Hannibal could fill. He was left gasping at the sudden emptiness, Hannibal getting what he wanted. Will’s belly was covered with his own seed, pooling and streaking his skin wetly.

He hadn’t been stretched as much as he should be, prepared with only just enough lube and a quickness of fingers. Will read it in Hannibal’s face that he wanted him to feel it. He wanted Will to know exactly who and what was inside of him, claiming him. This time Will was going to know he was owned, the concept working into the foundations of his being.

Facing the inevitable, Will turned onto his hands and knees, deceivingly gentle hands guiding him as he did so. They moved him ever so slightly into an angle. Unbeknownst to Will, it made him face a closet, the empath far too involved with the man stripping behind him to notice the particulars of his placement.

“You know you’ll have to be punished for this? All of it. I forgive you, but it would be remiss to let you off so lightly. Lessons still need to be learned.” Hannibal said low, watching the effect his voice had on Will, visible shivers running up and down the man’s spine to make muscles twitch.

“I know. Just spare me the platitude of ‘this is going to hurt you more than it’s going to hurt me‘.” Will snapped, excited and yet terrified about what happening to him. A large hand placed to the back of Will’s neck fit him like a collar, pinning the man in place against the mattress as a swollen cockhead was placed to his tender hole.

Pressing back, Will accepted the length, working its inches into his tight flesh. The pressure upon his neck, the pain and over stimulation of entry, and the pleasure of just being touched all grounded Will, made him focus in the moment.

He felt possessed.

He felt saved.

OoOoO

Nigel resisted the drugs with every fiber of his being as he urged his useless fingers to work for him. All his limbs wanted to do was fall limp and sleep these chemicals off. Nigel ignored their vote on the matter, forcing the edge of his nails between the layers of leather that made up his belt. Hannibal would have checked him over thoroughly, but Nigel was willing to bet he had missed a thing or two, especially if his twin had allowed him to keep his belt. It was an oversight that was going to cost Hannibal, Nigel knowing a few tricks that he didn’t as he pried about the layers of leather, the cheap glue giving. Hissing around his gag in triumph, rough fingers caught on the sharp teeth of the modified jewelry saw he kept hidden inside, the thin piece of metal flexible and sharp.

Shifting his fingers so that he could slip unique steel into his hand, Nigel brought the blade up to his wrists, catching the rope that bound him. He did this all while watching Will be taken by his twin.

Refusing to look away, Nigel looked on as Hannibal drove himself into Will, his thrusts controlled yet harsh as he held the man in place to take each and every one. On his part, Will moaned and cried out with every over-stimulating movement, his fingers buried in the soft fabric of bedding.

Gripping Will roughly enough by his hips to leave behind a new pattern of bruising, Hannibal moved callously, ignoring Will’s growing discomfort as he kept his searing gaze on the door. He was sheathed to his hilt in Will who knew nothing of the man watching them.

The first rope gave but not the intricate knotting itself. Nigel pulled, letting the rough binding burn into his skin as he wrenched his wrists free. Taking a moment to massage burning life back into his finger, Nigel started in on his neck, very carefully sliding the razor sharp metal against his noose. Finishing with his ankles, Nigel kept his eyes trained on Will, his body arching and bending to accept the domination upon him.

Even from here, Nigel could see it, Will's desperate need for something to anchor him, and Hannibal's guarded anger towards them both. Nigel freed himself entirely in time to witness Hannibal claim Will, growing still as he emptied his seed deep within the ,an who shivered in response to the pooling heat that collected inside. He whimpered as Hannibal's softened cock left him, sliding out wetly from his sex.

Like his strings had been cut, Will collapsed onto the bed as sanguine eyes watched milky essence leak from his hole. Nigel sneered at the satisfied smile Hannibal wore on his face, the man even going to far as to lean in, openly scenting Will. The man must have known what Hannibal was doing, Will curling up in on himself in response. Looking pleased, Hannibal left Will like that, disappearing into the bathroom with the obvious intent to clean himself up. It left Will cold on the bed with no aftercare, marked with his aloof lover's semen cooling between his thighs.

Tearing off the last of his bindings, Nigel spit out the gag from his aching jaw, quietly pushing open the door. Pride would be Hannibal's undoing, the sounds of showering the white noise that filled the room. It covered any noise, the little there was, of Nigel opening the door and padding his way across the room. If he heard him, Will didn't stir, probably lost too far in his own head to notice or react.

Every base instinct of his screamed at Nigel to either kill his twin or run for it. There should have been no in-between grey area in this matter for him. Hannibal was as vulnerable and defenseless while in shower as he was ever going to be, and there were so many impromptu weapons in this one room alone that Nigel could easily kill him with. The other alterative was to leave immediately and return to Bucharest, set firm feet back on his home turf. His escape and survival would have a more lasting, irking effect on his twin.

Despite all that, Nigel ignored every ingrained sense of survival and went to the man curled up on the bed.

"Will." Nigel whispered, moving to sit on the bed behind Will. He took the man by his shoulders to pull him up into his arms. He startled Will enough to have him push back at him.

"No, please no more, please." Will pleaded, knowing he couldn't handle another round. He felt too drained for another one of Hannibal's intense sessions, Will trying to twist away from the hands that sought him out. "I'm sorry…"

Grabbing the hand that moved to push him, Nigel pulled Will closer, capturing him in his arms. "Look at me, Will." Nigel ordered, grabbing the hand that tried to push him away. He captured it, using Will's body against him to pull him in closer. Will was made to face Nigel. "Darling, I said look at me. See me."

When Will went still against him, Nigel let a grin play out along his lips, letting out a slow shaky breath as he was recognized. Timid blue eyes met his own maroon, the colors searching each other out for the answers to unasked questions.

“I thought I told you to wait for me, darling.” Nigel teased. Will answered by throwing himself at him, gripping at his hair like he feared he might disappear again if he dared let go.

“Hannibal said you left.” Will murmured, his mind a soup of confusion. He let Nigel hold him in a full body embrace, felt better for it though his next words were harshly spoken. “Something to do with your wife.”

“My wife is dead.” Nigel hushed, stroking satin curls that were slightly damp with sweat as he pressed light kisses to Will’s forehead to ease up the lines there. “I’m a widower.”

“I’m missing something here. I’ve been given a jigsaw puzzle with no corners to work with.” Will said slowly, his eyes narrowing as past conversations were relived in head and examined. He was not to be underestimated. Someone was lying to him, and his quick mind was making up corners of their own.

“Darling, you don’t know the half of it.” Nigel snorted. A slight movement in his peripheral reminded the very bad man from Bucharest that he had made a mistake. While pride was Hannibal’s sin, desire was Nigel’s. He had left his attention linger upon Will too long, realizing belated that he had never heard Hannibal turn off the tap.

Wondering if he had any time left to defend himself, Nigel turned with a snarl sounding from his lips, pushing Will behind him as he moved. This dispute had gone on long enough, and now it was time for one of them to die.

The attack that he had been excepting never came though, Hannibal watching them from the doorway like some freshly washed statue, skin still moist and smelling lightly of sandalwood and subtle orchids. The non reaction was enough to make Nigel stare down his twin, noticing something new about him.

Hannibal was hurt. Though his face remained an impassive mask, Nigel could see clear as day the pain that moved under his brother’s skin as he watched Nigel connect so deeply with Will. Realization left Nigel stunned, considering something he had never thought possible. He weighed its merit against what he knew, and found the answer to all their problems.

“Oh for fuck’s sake Hannibal, you miserable shit. You’re in love with him too!”

OoOoO
TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Your comments knife fight with your kudos over the rights to Will's ass.

Meat is murder. Tasty, tasty murder.

Chapter Summary

Will, Nigel, and Hannibal have a long conversation.

Chapter Notes

Hello kittens!
DarkmoonSigel here again, updating like a boss.

Hey, can anyone think of a witty name for this trio? LecterGram does the job, but I want something that pops. We'll write more if you do. We will write more anyway regardless, but wouldn't you want a witty name for it?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

How do monsters love?

It was a question Nigel had asked himself from time to time. He wondered if Hannibal ever thought about it at length. The subject matter had never really come up in conversation between. Other people tended to dwell too long on the idea that monsters could love at all, but tended to ignore the other important part of that question, seeing the presence of love was simple enough. Perhaps they even saw it was a cure all.

There in lied the idiocy. Love wasn't a simple concept to begin with. If a cat brought you songbirds with broken necks, what would one think about the presents and the terrible things a monster would do to show its love for another? It would be like hummed out Beethoven's' Moonlight Sonata to someone who was deaf and hoping that they managed to grasp the complexities of it by feeling your throat while you did so.

In their strange case, Hannibal and Nigel had been broken. It had taken years, but they had put themselves back to together piece by piece. The orphanages hadn't the best of places to do so, not when two people were changing so rapidly, becoming vastly different from their peers. After being hollowed out so thoroughly by grief and trauma, something destructive had been put back. Some monsters were born. Others were made.

The end result was that they were killers. An even better one was that they were killers who knew each other better than anyone else in the world, but even that could get lonely. What they had thought to be a fight for ownership over Will was actually a competition for his attention. The end game was his love. The prize was to not be alone.

They had been so blind to the truths behind their own desires. Nigel blamed their sensualist natures and tendencies. Art, music, food, and wine were Hannibal's vices while Nigel's own ran baser with drugs, sex, hard alcohol, and cigarettes. Same coin, same metal but with two very different sides to it.

It was due to his love of physical intimacy that Nigel was a little quicker on the uptake than Hannibal when it came to love who had missed it entirely due to his self-imposed version of solitude. At some point during his mind games with Will, Hannibal had slipped. He'd let his interest in the empathic profiler's unique neuroses change from that of intellectual curiosity to something else, something foreign and strange. While winding Will up to watch him go, Hannibal had inadvertently done the same to himself. It was the driving force behind his determination and uncharacteristically open possessiveness towards Will, though Nigel reasoned he should have guessed.

Hannibal had gone into too much detail about Will in his letters and numerous sketches of the man for this to be some passing flight of fancy. Neither one of them loved lightly, just in distinctive different ways. Knowing that now, it didn't come as a surprise to Nigel that Hannibal was trying to take Will back. It's what he would have done.

"What?"

The word was barely spoken above a whisper, but it was more than enough to remind Nigel that they were not alone in the room and he had no idea what his twin was going to do now, how far he would go or the things that he would do.

This could all every well end in blood still.

OoOoO

Will was pulling himself away from Nigel to better look at Hannibal, to better look at them both. He was still trying to process everything. Nigel was very much here, Nigel was not married, Hannibal had lied, and Hannibal loved him were just a few ingredients in the soup that made up Will's head.

"You…" Will started to say, his heart beating out a strange tempo against its bone cage, echoing the rhythm through his guts. He needed to look. Hiding now would only complicate things more than they already were. Eyes were painful things to look into at the best of times. They were utterly raw with emotions and pain now. "You…love me?"

There was a lot going on here, too much to be ignored. Will looked on but as he did so, he made himself see as well. His pendulum swung at his behest, returning Nigel from which he came, Hannibal's closet. The one whose door had been cracked open. Rope burns on Nigel's neck and wrists told him that the man had been tied up. He let his gaze flutter down, brow furrowing as he turned his attention back to Nigel before pulling away completely to regard them both.

"I don't understand what's going on, but there is shadow play of knives going on behind my back." Will said slowly as he studied Nigel. The man was still dressed in his clothing from yesterday and hadn't been given a chance to clean up, meaning he had been captured and

bound probably since this morning. The inflamed corners of his mouth told Will that he had been gagged as well.

“I have been lied to. You have lied to me.” Will grieved as he turned his attention back fully to Hannibal. He wished he had not. It only reminded Will that he was standing naked in front of both his lovers with semen from one of them still staining his skin. It wasn’t the most ideal way to start an argument, but Will planned on making it work. “You told me that Nigel had gone back to Bucharest to be with his ‘wife’, who apparently is dead. All the while, you had him tied up in a closet!”

The breath of a second passed before one thought connected to another, letting Will turn the puzzle pieces around to snap them into place. That damn crack in the door, so out of place, especially for Hannibal who couldn‘t even stand to have a book out of line on his desk, much less a door left ajar.

“You tied up your brother to make him watch us. You planned all this out!” Will grimaced, feeling more than just naked. It was like he had been stripped down to something far baser than his skin. The need to crawl under the blankets or find his discarded clothing was quieted by his growing anger. Now was not the time to look weak.

“Darling, you don’t understand. Hanni’s just a little confused right now.” Nigel tried to soothe, motioning his brother to come closer with a tilt of his head. Hannibal remained were he was, frozen and silently watching them both. The undesired effect it did have was drawing Will’s full attention down upon Nigel who actually winced from it. The sort of focus had a weight to it, one that made Nigel shift uncomfortably as he was regarded by keen grey blue eyes.

“Strangely enough, you don’t seem too bothered by anything that’s happened to you.” Will observed. Most people in Nigel’s situation would be upset, sobbing, and/or calling the proper authorities. Nigel looked mildly put out because he couldn’t find his cigarettes, his hand searching for them from time to time, and completely relaxed scrawled out like a tom cat on Hannibal’s bed in his filthy clothing.

“You already know I’m more than a little fucked up. Did you really think Hanni was all that okay?” Nigel chuckled, the sound of it dark and yet still alluring. “He may wear a fine made person suit, but he’s just as screwed up as I am, if not more by some societies’ standards.”

There was a tapping of hooves sounding in Will’s mind. He didn’t have to turn to know that the ravenstag was in the room with them even if he was the only one who could see it. Looking from one twin to the other, Will got a sinking feeling as the beast passed by Nigel to stand behind Hannibal.

“I told you before, my darling Will. I was there when he made those walls. I know how they got there and why. I also know what he lost the day they were forged, it was the same thing that broke me, darling.” Nigel continued, pressing his luck. Hannibal looked grim and surprisingly indecisive of what he should do next. He was obviously waiting for movements on the board complete themselves before he played out his next turn.

“What happened?” Will questioned without hesitation, his eyes locked on Hannibal who stared back with an unreadable expression. He could have been made of stone for all the emotion and movement he emoted.

“What do you think happened, dear one?” Nigel challenged, wanting to see what Will would do and where he would take this. He could see that Hannibal was curious about it too, his silence speaking volumes to him.

“Something that breaks people….no, not people per say. Children.” Will’s eyes danced back and forth between the twins, gathering and cataloging invisible scarring that a lifetime left behind on a person.

“Accents places you Eastern European, perhaps even Baltic. Take off about forty years places you the Cold War era. You were orphaned at a young age and the local is close enough to Russia when it was formerly the U.S.S.R. at the time so military interference perhaps?” Will was rambling out loud, putting together pieces of information heard and gathered together into a rough time line. “Wars, even cold ones, make people desperate. Drives them to take desperate measures, even ones that might have an ill effect on children.”

You’re so fucking clever. I see why Hannibal became addicted to you. Yes, my love. Something wicked and vile and cruel.” Nigel rasped out, pushing air through his teeth to make it whistle. Will truly was a gift.

“What happened?” Will questioned without hesitation, his eyes locked on Hannibal.

“We lost someone. Someone important. Irreplaceable. ” Nigel supplied, Hannibal had yet to move. He regarded Will with a cool look, the man scaling his towering walls to finally reach their peak and see what lay beyond them. He was earning the right to do so. “We lost everything to void, ruin, and blood, included ourselves. We came out the other side of it… changed.”

Will swallowed, wondering how far he could push these two for answers. Even Nigel was becoming guarded. Whatever had happened to the twins was sensitive enough to make the violent psychopath hesitant to talk about it.

“We were young. We were all so young, the two of us and Mischa…” Nigel trailed off, even after daring to voice her name. Hannibal stirred at her mention.

You have a sister?” Will asked before he caught on how cruel that question was. Despite other’s opinion on the matter, empathy was not psychic ability.

“We had a sister.” Nigel corrected softly, making Will flinch at the pain the admittance caused the brothers.

“She was taken from us in a most savage manner.” Hannibal said, startling Will by finally joining the conversation. His words were as dead as the little girl he spoke of, the usually charismatic voice numb with something that went beyond just grief and remained unnamed in its severity. “And given back just as savagely.”

“So we took what we could back.” Nigel smiled, the expression wicked and cold. “An eye for an eye…”

“…Blood for blood…” Hannibal added without missing a beat.

“…We got back our pound of flesh and then some.” Nigel said, seamlessly picking up where Hannibal left off.

It was two voices speaking in tandem as one, the two sides of the same coin flipping and spinning through air so no side could be pinned down until it landed.

“I get the distinct feeling that you two are not speaking figuratively.” Will said slowly, wishing that he was wrong for once.

“I told you already, darling. The people I kill usually deserve it.” Nigel said, confirming Will’s fear.

“If Nigel’s a killer, what does that make you?” Will asked Hannibal. The man smiled back in answer causing the world to shatter all around Will as a mask was taken off just enough so that Will could peek behind it. He stared into the abyss and it looked back at him with unblinking eyes.

There was profile that lived in Will’s brain, placed there by Jack in hopes of catching a killer. Will crawled inside madmen’s head to live there for a short while, a visit at best for most. An exceptions to this was Garrett Jacobs Hobbs. The other who was far more pronounced was the Chesapeake Ripper whose mind was not just some pit stop on the road to insanity. The Ripper was its own country and Will lived there, always carrying a piece of the killer with him like Dracula with his bit of earth.

The raven stag pawed the ground and tossed its head, its antlers whipping blood about to fall upon Hannibal like strange rain. “See?” the beast whispered, its voice that of a very dead Garrett Jacob Hobbs. “See?”

And Will saw.

The void shifted itself, parting to let in the light of creation and undoings as a universe unfolded itself within Will’s mind. His gifted mind hurled him forward like a comet through it, skimming through blood mist nebulas and stars made out of winter’s chill and bone. Two suns existed there, equal and balanced between a black hole where a third had once been. As its explorer, Will was just beginning to appreciate its constellations and the stories of their creation.

To Will, Nigel made the most sense, his motivations simple and his violent heart worn on his sleeve. His obsessive desire was a tangible thing now to observe. Will knew now he never stood a chance of ridding himself of the man, the idea of his leaving a laughable concept. If it ever came down to brass tacks, Nigel would follow him to the grave if need be.

In all fairness though, neither of the twins would. Hannibal‘s sense of possession ran just as deep only in an entirely different direction, one that Will had not been privy to until now. At

least consciously, the empath realized, watching as the ravenstag sunk itself into Hannibal like it was a part of him.

“One of these things is not like the other. One of these things just doesn‘t belong.” Will sang more to himself than to the twins, not realizing he had done so until it was too late. He was keeping good company though for doing crazy things. Will didn’t think he would be judged too harshly by them for his little outbursts. Nigel was an open work of violence and ill intent, but that didn’t explain Hannibal, at least not the Hannibal Will had come to know and trust.

The jump Will‘s mind made right there and then left him breathless as his gaze shifted from the rope burns on Nigel‘s wrists to Hannibal‘s carefully blank face. Violent tendencies, medical profession with a surgical background whispered a murderer‘s profile while other parts fired back excellent cook and artist. Traumatic childhood, controlling, and possessive the voices spoke in tandem together. Fingers were being pointed in the dark, their directionality becoming apparent.

The sad part was that Will’s mind had already fit together the puzzle, filling the missing pieces by carving out its own. The scales were falling from Will’s eyes like strange snow, allowing Will to see just what and who Hannibal was.

“One of these things is the Chesapeake Ripper.” Will licked his too dry lips with a stale tongue. Fear was taking its toll. There was always a price to pay. “But what is the other?”

“And what does this Ripper do?” Nigel pressed giving Hannibal a sideways look for his unofficial title. The good doctor shrugged back. He hadn’t named himself, and personally thought it lacked flair and a certain sophistication. “What need does he serve by killing?”

“He harvests organs.” Will said softly. He wanted to look away, but it couldn’t. It would have been wrong.

“No. That is only the action of what I do. Why do I need to do it?” Hannibal said the words, killing parts of Will slowly with their particular song.

“The Ripper kills in sounders of three to four in quick order.” Will began to choke. He swallowed down his trepidation to make his voice stop shaking. This needed to be done. Certain truths needed to be said aloud. It was the only way to make them real, at least to Will.

“Do you know why?” Nigel cooed, grinning. Will wanted to reach over and smack him. He looked far too happy for anyone else’s continued good health.

“I know why. If you wait too long…the meat spoils. They’re no better to you than pigs.” Will told Hannibal, trying very carefully not to think about the meals he had shared with the monster pretending to be a man. He swallowed back the bile that suddenly burned his throat. He was fucking the Chesapeake Ripper and his violent psychotic twin brother, both of which had an immeasurable possessive streak. Wonderful. This would be the police report to end all police reports. The way his day was going perhaps he could apprehend them during a blow job.

“Do you eat people too?” Will asked almost casually, casting a glance over to Nigel who shrugged. He could almost pretend that this was a normal conversation. He was good at pretending.

“Me? Not actively. Only when visiting Hanni.” Nigel shrugged, really wishing that Hannibal hadn’t taken his damn smokes. “It’s not generally my meat of choice, but you develop a bit of a taste for it. All meat is murder and murder is fucking delicious.”

There was dark humor to his words, sparking something in the doctor to have him tilt his head in that ever familiar way while considering the profiler. Will visibly cringed, a vision of having his flesh torn away from his body by teeth he had already felt sink between layers of skin. The thought of it made his flesh crawl.

“You appear to be taking this news very well, Will.” Hannibal observed, approaching the bed at last, but taking no seat upon it to join Nigel. “Why is that?”

“I don’t know. Still processing it perhaps. I‘m not sure where I stand at the moment. The whole people thing is mildly disconcerting.” Will answered honestly in a dry tone. He was feeling a bit weak in the knees so Will decided to falling back onto the comfortable bed. If they wanted to kill him, they’d have to ruin Hannibal’s bed while doing so. He wouldn’t stand a chance against the two of them if that was indeed the plan in mind. So he might as well be comfy the last few seconds of his life.

“Only mildly disconcerting?” Nigel snickered to earn himself a look from Hannibal. Yes, he understood that this was a delicate moment, but he had faith in Will that the man was made of sterner stuff than most gave him credit for.

“Maybe I am just tired? I’m getting sick of life pulling the rug out from under my feet whenever I try to reach for pretty things.” Will sighed, ignoring them both for the moment. He was either in the safest place he could be or the worst. Only time would tell.

“I think a bath would be the most therapeutic thing for everyone at the moment.” Hannibal announced, taking control now that concerns were beginning to settle down.

“Therapeutic? As in you can’t stand for us filthy heathens to be on your bed, and you wants us to go clean up?” Will arched a brow. He couldn’t resist rubbing himself against the bed. It earned him a grin from Nigel who did roughly the same thing.

It got both of them glares from Hannibal.

OoOoO
TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Your comments get bored with all the talking and hump the bed.
Your kudos giggle themselves to sleep while watching them.

Bubble baths and psychopaths

Chapter Summary

Nigel, Will, and Hannibal take a bath. Porn happens.

Chapter Notes

Hello DarkmoonSigel here again. I can't sleep so you get a chapter.
Enjoy, you delightful little perverts you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Got it in one.” Nigel snorted, rolling off of bed to already start stripping down. It wasn’t like he had nothing to wear. Hannibal’s style may not be his own, but at least everything would fit, and it wasn’t as if his twin was lacking in excess apparel.

Will thought his was a strange life indeed as he was led hand in hand on either side by madmen, Nigel taking his left while Hannibal claimed his right. Even the way they did that was unique to them, Nigel weaving their finger together as tight as macramé while Hannibal held Will’s hand within his own like it were something fragile.

Will became lost in his own head when he led into a standing shower by Nigel to be scrubbed down by a very enthusiastic man while Hannibal parted their company to draw a bath. It turned it out to be for them all, the bathtub more than large enough to accommodate three grown men and then some. Coming back to himself, Will realized that he was neck deep in foamy water that smelled like earthy sandalwood and subtle orchid. In essence, he was taking a bubble bath with the Chesapeake Ripper and his brutal twin, the very bad man from Bucharest.

“What are you laughing about?” Nigel asked, sounding amused as well. He was more of a shower guy himself, but wasn’t about to pass up on some naked time with Will, especially if Hannibal was good with it. He became a little miffed when Will was pulled in close to sit between Hannibal‘s legs, but it only served to remind Nigel that he had immediate access to all the best parts.

“How do you feel, Will?” Hannibal said, his lips grazing the back of Will’s neck as he did so. Dark locks curled into ringlets, heavy with water and clean from Hannibal’s products and Nigel’s rough care. Hannibal couldn’t resist pressing his nose to them, scenting Will. The man smelled like him. That was pleasing to him on so many different levels.

“Like I am fading away, and slowly being replaced with something I can not identify.” Will sighed, drawing his legs to his chest so that he could rest his forehead on his kneecaps. He knew the positioning looked childish, especially when sitting next to men who lounged about the bath like panthers cooling off in a watering hole. It was the upright and more socially acceptable version of the basic fetal position, but it had its comforting merits. Will was feeling an odd sort of weary, bone tired and soul hurt, but in a nice way if that was possible. Truths were known now, and all the hype about that was right. It was freeing, damning and damaging, but freeing.

“Yes, you can. Quit lying to yourself.” Nigel smiled, his tone teasing as he leaned in up against Will’s knees to press a kiss to Will’s lips. His hands weren’t idle either, sliding up and down the outside of Will’s thighs.

“You are turning into something better. Let us help you.” Hannibal said. Will could feel him glaring at Nigel, who was smiling a certain way from it. He would have to remember not to get between the two on a bad day, which made Will wonder. Did this constitute as a bad day or were they rewriting the definition of it?

Will was finding very hard to care considering that Hannibal was taking the intuitive to run his hands over his back and shoulders, working out the knots in it. Steady surgeon hands and an in-depth knowledge of anatomy equated to possibly the best massage Will had ever experienced. It was almost good enough for Will to completely forgive Hannibal for be the Chesapeake Ripper.

“Help you to help myself, Doctor Lecter? The sass earned Will a bite to the back of his neck. It only broke his composure down, freeing a moan from his lips as tension was melted away by the healing lay of hands.

“Hannibal.” Nigel warned though to whom was left up in the air. It was enough for Hannibal to stop his massage, letting Will fall back boneless against him.

“Is this going to work?” Will glared at Nigel for taking his little slice of heaven away from him.

“What, my darling?” Nigel feigning innocence was either hilarious or irritating, considering the man carried the air of being guilty of something about him.

“Now who’s playing the fool?“ Will arched a brow at him, even as he settled himself back more comfortably into Hannibal, much to Nigel‘s displeasure. Will was grateful for the bubble coverage. It hid where hands were, Hannibal‘s currently mapping out Will‘s happy trail curl by curl at his leisure. “Us, this, you, me, Hannibal, the Chesapeake Ripper, Bucharest… Hell, am I leaving anything out? I’m not a piece of meat, at least I hope not considering what you do with meat. Can you two share or do I have an expiration date?”

“It can. It will. With time, patience, slow careful movements...” Hannibal reasoned out for them all until he was cut off.

“And no weapons in bed.” Nigel smirked, parting Will’s legs so that he could crouch between them. His large hands kept then bracketed apart, his fingers digging into the flesh of Will’s

inner thigh.

“Yeah…” Will said, narrowing his eyes. He wasn‘t sure how this was going to go. All he knew was that he was too sore and tired to take on Nigel just yet. Matters would have to be taken in hand before they got out of it.

“Kiss him.”

Nigel blinked in surprise when Will followed up his command by nodding to Hannibal who remained looking impassive, the bastard. “I’d rather kiss you.” he countered, leaning in to do so to find Will turning his head to hide it in Hannibal’s neck, the man unimpressed by the offer.

“I want you to kiss Hannibal.” Will stated again, intentionally letting his lips run along the curve of Hannibal‘s throat.

Nigel wasn’t given the chance to refuse or answer. A stationary man most of the time, Will had forgotten how quickly Hannibal could move, his arm darting out to catch Nigel by his hair and keep him in place as he smashed their lips together. The sudden change in energy from potential to kinetic took Will along for the ride, the man finding he was caught in between his two lovers as they made out. Nigel sort of flailed in place, splashing water about against his chest while Hannibal was like a rock at his back, until Will reached out hands to cup both the twin’s cheeks. Under Will’s touch, Hannibal’s violence eased up as Nigel relaxed into it and grew still.

“Thank you.” Will told them as they parted, but kept close. Hannibal remained looking indifferent though Nigel appeared slightly taken aback. He did not leave the bath or move away from either men though, so Will counted it as a victory.

“For what? Did you just cross something off your kink bucket list?” Nigel grumbled. Will looked content about something, and Hannibal looked too damn pleased with himself, which was never a good thing for anyone in his near vicinity.

“I believe Will is seeking out some sort of structure between all of us. There is always going to be an ongoing power dynamic. It needs to be directed so it doesn‘t turn septic.” Hannibal said, pride evident in his tone. He had never wanted a pet or a quick fuck, always seeking an equal of some sort. Will was beginning to fill his role admirably in this.

“Too many cooks in the kitchen.” Will snorted. He wasn’t allowed to descend into giggles or the certain type of madness that came with that humor, Hannibal’s arms tightening around his waist.

“How did it make you feel?” Hannibal breathed into Will’s ear.

“How did it make you feel” Will shot back turning in Hannibal’s arm so that he could face his terrible therapist. Looking into Hannibal’s eyes wasn’t a task anymore now that Will knew what to expect. He could keep it up long enough to make his point and get what he wanted. “I think it made you feel good. I think you liked it.”

Hand placed to Will's shoulders reminded him that he had a second lover who was just as greedy and dangerous as the other, one that was getting jealous behind him.

"It occurs to me that maybe you two are plotting something. Would you care to share it with me before I get…..apprehensive?" Nigel warned, pressing a kiss edged with teeth to the back of Will's neck.

"We are discussing narcissism. It is a prominent trait in intelligent psychopaths." Will said. "More often than not, it's what gets them caught."

"So what? Hanni can get off fucking himself?" Nigel said, his arms circling Will's shoulders while Hannibal's own tightened around his waist. It was a bizarre kind of bondage, almost stifling to have so much flesh being pressed up against him. No, not stifling. Overwhelming, Will realized. He was a skin addict actively overdosing, and he couldn't bring himself to stop now.

"Something like that." Will closed his eyes to try and focus. It didn't help. Eliminating one sense only strengthened the remainders. "You don't seem to share the same psychosis though. I'm thinking you don't display your kills either.

"Is this your version of foreplay?" was curiously asked, and Will had no idea who voiced it.

"Our version of it, yes. We are still in the 'getting to know you' phase of it. Next comes bargaining, and we try to figure out who's wearing a collar and whose getting spanked with a hair brush." Will said glibly, shifting between the two bodies pressed up to him.

Both were well built men, just leaner in different places. Hannibal had more of a tummy than Nigel, but that was only to be expected considering his culinary skills and diet. Nigel had a hell of lot more scars than Hannibal though, the most prominent one running down his left side over his rib cage and abdomen. Either someone had gotten very lucky or Nigel had gotten cocky and very careless. Neither sat well with Will as he openly regarded the twin from Bucharest. If he had to guess though, he'd put money on the latter by the way Nigel was preening under his gaze.

"No, it's not about the kill for you. It's the violence of it. Death is only the outcome of it, that downward spiral from living to dead with you kicking out pegs to make them fall until they hit bottom." Will voiced, reading Nigel's kind of crazy like it was printed on his skin.

"That's a beautiful way of saying I like to beat the seven shades of shit and then some out of people" Nigel smiled wrong as he curled his fingers into Will's hair to tug at it. They were nipped by Hannibal when he deemed they were being too rough. "What does that have to do with kissing my brother?"

"It not about that, well not entirely. It's about balance. I won't be able to survive being the focal point for the both of you. You'll get too competitive or I'll get weary of you both….or dead. I'm not the most social person. I like my own space from time to time." Will stated, leaving no room for argument. This could still go all very wrong, and definitely had the serious potential for spiraling straight into chaos and losing important body parts. Will's imagination wasn't doing him any favors in that area either.

When he looked at Nigel, he could see himself kidnapped and taken to a foreign country. He would be kept in a luxurious apartment with no way of communicating his needs or obtaining his freedom except through Nigel. A gilded cage and Stockholm syndrome lay with that twin.

Glancing behind him, Will knew his fate with Hannibal as well. Shadow play, word games, and gourmet food made from people would be the theme, Will already feeling tired from it by trying to keep up.

The combination of all three just might make all the differences though. Hannibal would have his company and an appreciative audience. Nigel would have a source of stability, and a lover to adore. Will would have the emotional, spiritual, and physical support he needed to keep sane, and if a couple of people had to die to achieve their version of domestic bliss…..well, so be it. No relationship was perfect, theirs especially unique, so some allowance had to be made.

“So if we have each other…” Nigel said, breaking Will out of his thoughts and back into the moment.

“…Will can have some breathing room.” Hannibal finished for him. Will couldn’t decide if he found that irritating or entertaining. Only time would tell on that one.

“I don’t want to make you do anything you don’t want to though. This won’t work if it’s forced.” Will warned. Resentment could be poisonous in a normal relationship. Will didn’t want to think about what kind of effect it would have on them.

“That’s precious. Like anyone could.” Nigel grinned, all teeth and cocky pride that rubbed Will the wrong way. Hannibal must of picked up on it because Will could feel him smothered a huff of laughter in the nape of his neck.

“Good. Then that being said, I would like you to go to Hannibal and kiss him this time.” Will ordered without hesitation.

“Bossy little shit.” Nigel chuckled as Will squirmed out between them so that the twins could lay atop one another with the lines of their body uninterrupted.

Large hands went up to grip at ashen locks of wet hair, Hannibal kept in place as Nigel leaned in to touch their foreheads together. Maroon eyes searched each other for a moment, looking for hesitation on either’s part. None must have been found Will realized, Nigel tilting his head to capture Hannibal’s lips with his own in a devouring kiss.

Moving behind Nigel and keeping his hands on the killer’s back to let him know where he was, Will reached around to find Nigel’s cock, half hard and pressed up against Hannibal’s own, who was fighting against his own recovery time.

Laying himself out across Nigel’s broad back, Will began to leisured jerk the man off as he made out with his twin. From his place there, Will could hear and feel Nigel react, knowing the moment Hannibal took control of the kiss.

“Good thing I’m such a handsome devil.” Nigel hummed, pressing a kiss to the corner of Hannibal’s lips who chased after him to nip and lick his way back into his twin’s mouth. Nigel relented in the matter, parting his lips inadvertently when Will tightened his grip upon him.

“Darling, if you keep doing that…” Nigel warned, rolling his hips forward to trap Will‘s hand momentarily between his handful and Hannibal‘s stomach. Running his free hand down Nigel’s backside, Will eased it between the man’s legs to start running his fingers over sensitive balls, loosely fondling until Nigel let up with a gasp.

“Isn’t that the point? You’re apart of this.” Will said as he trailed kisses down Nigel’s back, making the man shiver as lips were pressed to his spine all the way to its end. Will’s breathe contrasted sharply with the heat of the bathwater, coolness and heat making Nigel’s skin tingle. He was surprised how well Hannibal and him fit together, their bodies synching up together as their lips found a rhythm of adoration.

Hannibal was a biter, that much was obvious and Nigel really expected nothing less from him. Nigel was more of a toucher himself, his hands as busy as his lips, roaming over a body that he knew so well but didn’t. Hannibal’s skin was smoother than his own, the hair of it more groomed and trimmed. It made sense though, Hannibal treating his body like a temple while Nigel used his more like a bar and brothel where scars like graffiti were to be expected. In his line of work, one simply didn’t have time to moisturize on a constant basis.

Hands staying on his shoulder and gripping his hair kept Nigel where he was, Hannibal seeming determined to keep him steadfastly in place and himself in charge of their kiss. Nigel let him as long as Will touched him, their lover talented with his fingers as they rippled over Nigel’s length, bearing down upon the meat of it. When a calloused thumb made rough from working on boat motors and a lifetime of dealing with hooks run its pad over Nigel’s slit, the bad man released himself against that pressure, his semen settling on Hannibal’s stomach.

Grinning wickedly, Nigel rubbed it in there to make Hannibal falter in his attention, his twin still only half hard and not catching up to him anytime soon. From the feel of it though, Will was, a refreshed length pressed up between the mounds of his ass.

“Mmmm…..I think it’s time we got out of the bath and moved this back to the bed.” Nigel mused, stealing a quick kiss from Hannibal who looked somewhere between amused and annoyed before sitting up again. Will kept with him, staying pressed to his back and playing with his over sensitive sex to make Nigel shudder.

As the tub drained, Will almost made it out of it to have his ankle grabbed. He found he was in no danger of cracking his head open, Hannibal easily catching him to make Will sit on the lip of the tub in his lap to hold him there. Nigel took care of the rest, pulling Will’s legs apart to sit between them.

Arching his back or at least trying to, Will struggled as he was taken down to the root and his sore entrance prodded by Nigel’s fingers. His breathing rattled between his teeth as Will felt those fingers enter him, slick with salvia. He was still loose and lubed from earlier but Will was reminded that Hannibal’s prep had been sparse, wincing at the intrusion.

“I can’t…” was all Will could manage to gasp out. Fingers left him in a rush when Hannibal reached down to harshly grip at Nigel’s head, twisting silvery locks of hair in hand in such a way Will knew it hurt.

“Patience.” Hannibal warned, keeping Nigel in place with his lips wrapped around Will’s cock. Holding Will against him with an arm like an iron arm across the man’s chest, Hannibal moved both Will and Nigel in tandem so that he could watch their lover face fuck his twin.

Bracing himself by placing his hands on Will’s thighs, Nigel followed through the guiding pressure placed to the back of his head, letting Will’s bulbous tip scrape the back of his throat. Hannibal made him take all of it until his nose was pressed to Will’s pubic curls and kept there for moments longer than he would have liked.

Eyes watering as he tried to breathe, Nigel glared up to find his brother grinned down at him. The pain and touch of cruelty was worth it upon seeing Will though. His head throw back, Will looked utterly debauched against Hannibal, writhing in place as he tried to keep himself from thrusting himself into Nigel’s mouth.

Constricting his throat to bruise it around Will‘s girth, Nigel made Will come down it. Finally allowed some room to breathe, Nigel assumed Hannibal had done that to keep him from talking later on. He knew one thing for sure though. Smoking was going to hurt like a bitch, something that was also part of his twin’s plan.

Hannibal’s grip upon him loosened up as Will’s cock softened in his mouth. He would have liked to been able to taste the man, but knew he could do so later at his leisure once these trials and tribulations had passed. In a way it was his own fault. His twin was getting back at him for the earlier marking.

“You fucking cunt.” Nigel rasped out, glaring up at Hannibal who grinned lazily down at him. Will broke up the potential argument by falling forward to kiss Nigel, his body lax from orgasm and skin chilly from not drying off properly. With that kind of incentive, it was the easiest thing in the world to pick Will up, the man wrapping his legs and arms around Nigel as he was carried to the bed.

Coverlet stained from earlier liaisons was pushed back so that the clean sheets beneath could get the same treatment, Nigel grinning into Will’s clammy skin as the two still very wet men fell onto the bed. Hannibal’s sigh behind them made both snicker as they dried themselves off on sheets that probably cost more than most people’s furniture. They rolled over onto their backs to find Hannibal properly drying himself off with fluffy towels and giving them a severe look of disproval.

“Come here, you fucking anal retentive asshole.” Nigel croaked, his throat definitely sore but his sense of revenge quite healthy. Whether through his empathy or simply like minded, Will helped Nigel grab hold of Hannibal to pull him into the bed with them, towels and all which were quickly discarded over the side much to the owner’s chagrin.

Returning the favor, Will sat on Hannibal chest, keeping the man’s arms pinned above his head while Nigel moved to sit between his legs, throwing them over shoulder as he took Hannibal’s meat into his mouth, swallowing it down with a pained noise. It proved to be too

much, Hannibal and himself larger than Will as he slickly pulled off to flick the tip with his tongue. Hannibal growled in response, the noise of it sounding smothered enough, Nigel presumed that Will was handling it with a kiss.

Keeping his hands on Hannibal's cock to work it from base to tip in a tight grip, Nigel went lower, mouthing at the velvety skin of balls to trace the delicate skin behind it with the tip of his tongue. When Hannibal grew incredibly still, Nigel took full advantage, shoving his tongue against a clenched hole. It was hot and too tight as Nigel worked his tongue in. The noises Hannibal was making were soft things being eaten up greedily by Will, his mouth covering one fallen agape.

Nigel humming in pleased amusement turned out to be Hannibal's undoing, the man's back attempting to leave the bed even with the burden of two people atop him. Cum spilled between Nigel's fingers as he kept stroking Hannibal through his orgasm, running his thumb over the head of the flagging erection to make his twin cry out into Will's mouth.

Chuckling darkly, Nigel extricated himself to retrieve a towel, wiping his hand and mouth off with it. "Where the fuck are my cigarettes?" he asked, smacking Hannibal's leg to get the man's attention, the whole of it being consumed by Will who hadn't moved. The kisses exchanged between them were lazy slow things now, Will savoring them and being savored in return.

"You're not smoking in here." Hannibal stated firmly, freeing him mouth long enough to do so.

"I just ate you out so I'm going to smoke wherever the fuck I want. That kind of life choice needs some damn nicotine. A drink wouldn't hurt either." Nigel grumbled, his throat felling particularly raw now. Some alcohol was needed to ease some of that burn.

"You're not smoking in here." Will echoed, earning him another round from Hannibal who rolled them over so that he could lay himself out over Will. Grumbling about his lot in life, Nigel went to the guest room he planned on never using again to find his spare pack and helped himself to Hannibal's best scotch along the way to wash his mouth out. By the time he got back, Will was asleep and Hannibal was half way there himself, his eyes half lidded yet still holding full awareness. Two sets of maroon eyes studied each other, each owner weighing out possibilities before settling upon the mutual object of their desire.

Without a word, Hannibal lifted up a corner of the sheet in open invitation, Nigel slipping in place underneath it. In silent agreement, Hannibal moved to one side of Will while Nigel took the other.

Strange peace and truce was found in sleep.

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading.
Your comments gives Nigel some sweet underwater head in the bath. Your kudos rim Will. Hannibal watches and thinks up new recipes.

Don't ask stupid questions about the bacon

Chapter Summary

The trio have breakfast together and a murder family outing to a crime scene. While Will and Hannibal are busy, Freddie chats up Nigel. It doesn't end well for one of them.

Chapter Notes

Don't like, don't read, don't rude. Criticisms are welcome, but only it they are constructive and worded in a polite manner. Otherwise, yes, your nasty little comments will be deleted, and the writers of this fic will confront you about it, because neither one of us is your personal bitch.

As I like to remind readers from time to time, this is a FREE service. It's FREE. You don't pay a dime for it so the very least you can do is be polite. If you read it and don't like it, don't be a bag of dicks about it. If you have a stick up your ass about grammar and such, this is not professionally beta read or being professionally published so get over it.

To everyone else, thank you all for your lovely comments and kudos. Support and love is always appreciated.
You're getting an extra sex chapter to this in return.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Will awoke, it was to the sweet smell of cinnamon, the blessed existence of coffee, and the constant buzz of his cell phone vibrating its way out of his pocket and across the floor. Prying tired eyes open to face the world, Will shifted and tried not to cringe at the sudden ache blooming in his lower regions. He very carefully leaned over the bed to claim his phone.

Reading Jack Crawford's name from the caller ID made Will fall back into the bed with a groan. "Good morning, Jack." he answered anyway. It wasn't going to be good news. Jack didn't call him for ice cream socials. Though belated in his thinking, Will wondered if he could fake a bad connection and hang up. All he really wanted to do was disappear back under the soft bedding that was still pleasantly warm with his body heat. Even better, the pillows and sheets smelled like Hannibal and Nigel, exotic with a touch of spice and tobacco.

"There's nothing good about it." He heard Jack sigh over the background din. Will could already visualize the large somber agent walking just far enough away from the crime scene to make his phone call in relative peace. There would be yellow tape in sight, because Jack

would be keeping an eye on everything. There was always a crime scene, and if Jack was calling him in, it was going to be a bad one. “Will, I’ve got a body for you, and this one’s pretty public. I’m need you to come take a look now.”

“Sure, text me the location. I’ll get there as soon as I can.” Will rubbed his eyes, suddenly wishing not for the first time that Jack would find someone else to take advantage of.

“It’s a playground in Baltimore. Some young kids and their parents found the body strung up there. I’ll go into detail when you get here.” Jack sounded pissed and as tired as Will felt. Interviewing shell shocked adults was difficult enough. When children were involved, it was a new fresh hell unto itself.

“I’m not coming from Wolf Trap so I’ll be there sooner rather than later. I’m just having breakfast at Hannibal’s.” Will said and immediately regretted it. If Jack cared or thought it was unusual for him to do so with his unofficial therapist, his tone didn’t hint anything toward that.

“Bring him along. We could use his expertise right now. I can’t seem to get in touch with Dr. Bloom.” Jack told him before hanging up, leaving Will to stare at the phone. A few seconds later, a text message bearing an address popped up for his viewing pleasure.

Looking around for his clothes, Will discovered a neatly folded pile at the end of the bed. It had been obviously left out for him considering there was nothing else in the room for him to wear. Wondering what Hannibal had done with his clothing that didn’t include burning the garments, Will sorted through the offerings, surprisingly enough none of which were plaid or even had a pattern on them.

Tucking the dress shirt into pants that hung too loose on his slighter frame, Will fastened the belt that had been so courteously left for him. Given the fashion of the clothing, he had to assume they were Hannibal’s, the man’s preference for fabric and color showing in the vibrant purple dress shirt and rich material of the black slacks. He had thoughtfully tried to appeal to Will’s simpler aesthetics though, which was appreciated. Will wasn’t sure how he felt about purple though, but if Hannibal chose it for him, it was probably his color.

With only the slightest of limps, Will made his way downstairs, greeted instantly with the smell of fresh cinnamon rolls, no doubt baked from scratch. Accompanied by the bitter sin that was coffee, it was enough to make Will’s mouth water. His stomach reminded him they had forgone supper the previous evening. The thought of food overrode other concerns that would have made Will pause before entering the kitchen. He was reminded up them in force upon finding both Nigel and Hannibal there.

“Good morning, gorgeous.” Nigel purred from his place by the island, sipping coffee with a lit smoke hanging from his fingertips. It appeared he had raided Hannibal’s closet as well, having stolen a lush white sweater that clung to his body in all the right places and charcoal grey slacks from it that did the same. He certainly had an appreciative eye for what Will was wearing as well. “Not too fucking bad. Looks like we’re all pretty close in size.”

Glanced up from his icing bag, Hannibal scrutinized Will’s new look before nodding. “They will do for the day.” he conceded, finishing his task of creating perfect cream cheese icing

roses atop the cinnamon rolls. Cleaning his hands off on his apron, Hannibal approached Will to stand behind him, making the little hairs on Will‘s neck stand up on end. He tried not to shift away when Hannibal started pinching a small amount of fabric on either side to bring the shirt in a little more closely to Will’s generally ignored form.

“This would be preferable, a far shapelier fit. The shoulders would need to come in a fraction as well.” Hannibal critiqued, softening his assessment with a soft kiss pressed to Will’s temple. Will held still as his curls were scented cause apparently that was going to be a thing now between them. “You look beautiful all the same. That color suits you even better than I thought it would. It brings out the blue in your eyes.”

“As long as you like it.“ Will mumbled, feeling himself flush as he was admired by both people in the room. It was mildly disconcerting to be the object of so much attention for the right reasons. Normally, people just stared at him because they thought he was weird or were worried that he was about to lose his shit.

“Thank you.” Will said, remembering his manners. They were very important to at least one killer in the room, Hannibal smiling in response to it as he returned to his rolls. His presence was immediately replace by Nigel who cut to the chase, kissing Will full on the mouth, his long fingers buried into Will’s curls to keep him in place. It left the taste of coffee and nicotine in his mouth, and his head a little dazed.

Before he could have any say in the matter, Will was being led to the dining room by one brother while the other finished up their plates, the dishes full of delicately poached eggs, crispy bacon, and still warm cinnamon rolls. Will was sat down to coffee and breakfast before he knew it, the twins joining him though Nigel switched seats from where Hannibal had put his plate. Instead of sitting across from Will, Nigel sat beside him, putting the profiler in-between the two men. Hannibal huffed a soft sound at the change, but chose to say nothing to an answering grin of challenge from Nigel

“Sorry, I can’t. I have to go to a crime scene.” Will said at a loss. His stomach was telling him to shut up and stay, but his head was telling him to go.

“Was it Uncle Jack who woke you from your slumber with promise of a new nightmare to place under your pillow?” Hannibal arched a brow, unimpressed by the news.

“Yes…” Will started to say, still making no move to leave the table though. His hunger and conscious were having a serious debate with one another.

“Well, your body isn’t going to get any deader…” Nigel laughed, already digging in.

“…So you might as well stay and enjoy a moment of your morning while you can. Eat your food, Will.” Hannibal finished for his twin, pointing his fork at Will’s untouched plate.

That kind of reasoning won out, Will settling in with a small sigh of defeat. It was delicious of course, savory and sweet with just a touch of spice from whatever Hannibal had poached the eggs in. The bacon was especially good, just the perfect balance of chewy and crispy. Will enjoyed it until he remembered certain things that made him swallow hard, and reach for his coffee to keep from choking.

“Is something amiss, darling?” Nigel asked, looking amused as he took a bite of his own bacon.

“The bacon….” Will made himself ask, keeping his eyes on his plate. “Is it…?”

Hannibal set down his silverware to focus all his attention upon Will, watching his reactions with keen maroon eyes. “It is unbecoming to ask questions you already know the answer too. You do us both a disservice by doing so.” He stated, giving Will a severe look.

“Don’t be such an asshole, Hannibal.” Nigel interrupted, leaning into Will’s space to press thin lips to his stubbly cheek. It made Will look over at him, reminded that he had an ally of sorts in this.

“Yes, the food is people.” Nigel said, breaking off a piece of remaining bacon on Will’s plate to place it to his lips. “So eat up. Someone died for this. Will you really let that life go to waste?”

Closing his eyes, Will opened his mouth, letting Nigel place the meat to his tongue like it were a communion wafer. A tainted blessing, one that made Will shudder as he chewed, forcing himself to swallow. For all the burden it carried, it just tasted like meat. Will found he could live with that. A glance over at Hannibal told Will volumes, his look worth more than a mere thousand words. There was a hunger there, almost feral in nature, enough so to bring out points of scarlet in Hannibal’s eyes. It left Will between fear and arousal, wondering what Hannibal was actually hungry for.

“This kill. This crime scene I have to go to. It’s not one of yours, is it?” Will said the words, feeling like they were coming from someone else. The salt of the bacon felt his mouth feeling too dry, leeching it barren of moisture or any further questions.

“No. It is not.” Hannibal smiled, cool and wicked as a knife. It was one of the first real expression Will had ever seen Hannibal wear. The snake in his midst was no longer in hiding, its coils already well around Will, keeping his close.

It was frightening.

It was awing.

“I can’t believe I’m having this kind of conversation with you…” Will admitted, avoiding eyes. His plate was empty and his belly full. Death in the forms of order and chaos sat on either side of him, and all Will could feel was content.

“What’s a little blood between lovers?” Nigel smirked, picking up Will’s hand to kiss the back of it.

“Aren’t either of you worried that I, an FBI agent, might turn you in?” Though he asked the question to both of them, Will was looking straight at Hannibal, the killer he had been chasing. The one who had resided in his head for so long.

“No.” Hannibal answered simply at first. He got up out of his seat to stand over Will, his large hands cupping either side of Will’s face to tip it back. “Because you love us. We understand you. We accept you. We want you, and you feel the same.”

Closing his eyes, Will accepted the kiss as truth placed to his lips. In a way, it felt like it sealed his fate. A bargain had been struck with devils, and now they were laying claim to his soul. Feeling other hands upon him and another pair of lips pressed to the nape of his neck grounded Will, made him give himself away freely to them. He wanted this. He needed this.

“I will drive you to your crime scene.” Hannibal told him when they parted.

“Jack wants you there. To talk to the witnesses. He can’t get a hold of Alana.” Will informed him to see a fleeting look of impatience and annoyed anger pass through Hannibal’s features.

“I see Jack had taken upon himself to fritter away my time as well then.” Hannibal sighed. This killer had better be worth it this interruption. He had planned on exploring the new lands and their boundaries of this relationship at length, preferably in bed.

“I’d like to partake in the arts with you.” It wasn’t a request Will noted, watching as Nigel lit a cigarette and swallowed down the last of his coffee. Hannibal collected the plates off the table, leaving Will on his own to negotiate with the other twin. “Be nice to see what my darling does for a living when he’s being called in on his days off and away from me.”

“It’s a public area.” Will decided. He knew he would probably be unable to dissuade Nigel from coming with them, even if it meant waiting in the car. “You can come to this one, but you’ll have to stay behind the tape.”

The grin that Nigel gave him back did nothing to alleviate Will‘s trepidations.

“Whatever you say.”

OoOoO

Much like Will, Jack was forced to do a double take upon first seeing the twins. Will leaving the car with not one, but two Lecters must have been disconcerting.

“Doctor Lecter.” Jack addressed the one more formally dressed in a suit and lacking a tattoo on his neck while studying the other. “I’m glad Will brought you along. This one is a little more disturbing than others.” The part where Will would need the extra emotional support went unsaid, but the implication was there glaringly obvious.

“It’s no trouble at all.” Hannibal lied with a smile., offering his slight upturn of lips to the world as the elegant change in his mask. Noting Jack’s sight directed over his shoulder at his brother, Hannibal stepped to the side, motioning to his mirrored image. “My apologies, introductions are in order. Jack Crawford this is my brother, Nigel. Nigel, this is Agent Jack Crawford, head of the Behavioral Sciences at the FBI.”

“Another Lecter. And here I thought they broke the mold when they made you, Doctor. Nice to meet you.” Jack nodded, shaking hands with the very bad man from Bucharest.

“The pleasure is all mine.” Nigel grinned, a mask of his own slipping in place as he took the other man’s hand. Unlike Hannibal’s own, it was roguishly charming, giving Nigel the air of an old drinking buddy or someone you could come to for help. Will made himself wander away before he did or said something unfortunate. “I’ve heard all about you from my brother.”

Jack turned his attention from Nigel back to Hannibal with an amused look. “Only good things I hope?”

“Nothing but the best.” Hannibal assured him, catching up with Will to lift the yellow tape to let first Will and then himself duck under. “We’ll be back shortly, Nigel.”

Tossing Bentley’s car keys to his twin, Hannibal nodded to Nigel who saw it as the smug expression it was before disappearing behind a tarp that had been raised to shield the public from the gruesome details of the murder. That and the cameras of the morbidly curious and the blood thirsty

Stepped back to join the crowd, Nigel stood among the sheep that craned their necks and bleated in whispers among themselves about the child found skinned and hung from the monkey bars like a pig to the slaughter. With nothing to really look at except the back of people’s head, Nigel debated with himself whether or not to go back to the car, or wander around a bit for a change in scenery.

He already knew it was going to be rough going tonight. Neither Hannibal or Nigel took cruelty to children well, and Will’s psyche would be left scarred from it. This killer would be lucky if the FBI got to him first. Oh the great and terrible things they were going to do to this killer. It would be just like old times, when Hannibal and him took turns.

“Dr. Lecter, I thought you would have been behind the tarp with Will Graham.” were the words that broke Nigel out of his revelry. Turning as he lit a smoke, Nigel came face to face with a red haired woman he recognized much to his surprise. Hannibal was an avid fan of hers and Tattlecrime, and had sent Nigel some of her articles about his activities. Nigel found her writing style too overdramatic for his tastes, but he knew Hannibal lived for that kind of shit.

Nigel smiled, slow and wicked. As useful as Hannibal may find her services, he already didn’t like this woman. By keeping detailed tabs on the law enforcement and their investigations, Freddie Lounds was valuable in her own way, but she’d written one too many nasty pieces about his darling for Nigel to find her presence pleasant.

“Not Hannibal.” Nigel corrected with ease, taking a drag from his smoke as he regarded the woman with a cool smile. She knew he wasn’t Hannibal, was too smart for that bullshit with the big ass tattoo on his neck. No, she was playing dumb for some reason. “Nigel. I’m the better looking brother.”

“My apologies. You look so much alike. You must be twins.” Freddie smiled as fake as a tinsel Christmas tree, offering her hand in a friendly gesture, “My name is Freddie, I’m a friend of your brother and Will Graham.”

Lies, lies, lies. Nigel's smile only broadened, taking the hand offered to him.
"Nice to meet you, Freddie." He lied right back and did a better job of it. He threw a thumb over his shoulder in a dismissive gesture, indicating the sectioned off area behind them. "You were right with your first guess though, if you're looking for Hanni. He's hiding behind the tarp with Will." Blowing out some smoke and not really caring where went or who it offended, he tilted his head to consider her. "Something you need from my brother or is this just a friendly hello? I could always give him a message for you. He's probably not going to be up to answering his phone later today."

Shrugging like she didn't have a care in the world, Freddie smiled back all sweetness and charm, despite the smoke that made her wrinkle her nose in distaste. "Just wanted to say 'hi' I suppose. See how he and Will were doing." She bit her lip, playing coy as she leaned in a little closer as though to whisper secretes. Nigel encouraged her by returning the gesture. "Hey, would you mind if I asked you a question?"

Nigel could already tell this was going to be good. "Sure thing."

"Hannibal and Will…they're pretty close, aren't they? I know Hannibal is busy with work, and I would be lying if I said I wasn't too. We haven't had much of a chance to catch up lately with one another, but…" She trailed off, dropping her voice a little lower, eyes taking in Nigel entirely with all the intent in the world to read his reaction for lies and truths to get some extra dirt for her story. "Are they officially seeing each other now? I hate to pry. I just want to know that he's happy."

Bingo. A question like that could easily ruin both men. Clever wording and misdirection could destroy Hannibal's career as a psychiatrist and run Will into the ground with too much exposure. Glanced from the woman to the tarps, Nigel took his time taking another drag from his smoke before regarding her again.

"It's complicated." Nigel answered honestly enough. "You're a friend of theirs, right? Come back with me to the house for a coffee then, and I'll catch you up. They're going to be a while, and no doubt you are already as bored as I am."

OoOoO

The drive back was a quick one, Nigel and Freddie standing soon enough in Hannibal's kitchen, the latter watching the former navigating the ins and outs of Hannibal's ridiculously complicated coffee maker.

"So where are you from?" Freddie asked, keeping up with her friendly persona. She was dying to rubberneck and take pictures. Hannibal's house of a strange blend of culture and the bizarre with too many animals skulls on display to make her feel comfortable. It felt more like she was entering into a mausoleum with all its marble, dark wood, and bone than a home.

"Mmmmm…A little here, a little there, a little everywhere. I get around." Nigel answered without really doing so, but that was the point. He played around with the coffee maker some more, the noises of it becoming natural to hear and the perfect cover for him to open drawers and take out certain items he needed from them. "We separated when our interests and unique

skill sets caused us to grow apart. You've probably never even heard of me in passing conversation. We've never been one to talk about family."

Smiling at Freddie crooked and not nearly as nice as the ones he'd been sharing back at the park, Nigel let the edges of his own mask start to lift away. He'd never been one to hide himself for long, much preferring to let people know that the lion was in the room so they stayed the hell out of his way.

"You're right about that. He hasn't, which I find very odd considering that you're obviously twins." Freddie smiled with a shrug, trying to come off as casual and above all, relaxed. Something was off about Nigel, her instincts telling her that now would be the opportune time to start running, but she wasn't about give up possibility one of the best sources ever for some dirt on the infamous Will Graham. The risk was well worth the payoff, or so she kept telling herself. "They say that twins generally care a little more for each other than regular siblings, and Will Graham is cause for concern."

Nodding as if in agreement, Nigel let Freddie dig herself in deeper. He had a pretty good idea where she was going to take this, but still wanted to hear her say it aloud, to confirm and condemn herself. "So am I to understand that you are asking about Hanni and Will because you are worried about my brother's welfare?" he said. "Please don't leave me in suspense. I only wish the best for Hannibal. Tell me your thoughts on Will."

"How well do you know him?" Freddie ventured, watching as Nigel pulled the leather chair out of its corner by the stairs to push it into the kitchen.

"I've met him a few times. Nice kid. Needs a haircut and a shave, but other than that seems on the up and up." Nigel said, leaving the chair where it was in the middle of everything without explanation. He went back to the coffee to fiddle around with the cups. He wasn't about to give this woman anything hot to throw at him.

"And how would you describe Hannibal's relationship with Will? Like you, I only want to look out for Hannibal. Unfortunately, Will Graham is not a sane man. He's dangerous." Freddie said, making worry bleed from her pores. It made Nigel almost want to applaud her performance.

"I know all about dangerous men, and Will doesn't even fucking register." Nigel said flatly, watching as a light went off behind Freddie's clever blue eyes. "You are right about one thing though. Hanni and I do keep in close contact. If I had any concerns about my brother, I sure as shit wouldn't be sharing them with someone like you."

"Someone like me?" Freddie raised a well shaped brow even as her voice faltered at the end. Her hand was already in her purse, searching for her phone. She had the FBI and emergency services on speed dial.

"My brother's a fan of your work, Ms. Lounds, and has sent me the link to your web page. You're good…" Nigel said, stalking forward even as Freddie stumbled back, giving up on her phone to go for the gun she kept now in her purse. "…But I don't like what you've been fucking writing about my darling."

“People know where I am.” Freddie said, quickly giving up all pretext of being friendly. Her purse was coming up too empty with anything useful. She would have to fall back on her words for protection.

“Oh do they? Do you really think anyone is going to remember a quiet, pleasant conversation between two people with a murder scene to gawk at?” Nigel pointed out with a smirk as he reached behind to show Freddie what he’d had with him since the car ride.

“Ah. Those would be those ‘unique’ skill sets you were talking about earlier.” Freddie said dryly upon seeing her phone and gun in Nigel’s hands to be tucked back into his pocket and belt for safe keeping.

“Indeed. You should really quit carrying around such big purses. Just about anyone can get their hand into them without really trying.” Nigel said.

“I’ll keep that in mind. I don’t suppose I could have those back?” Freddie said, licking her lips nervously.

“In a moment. We are discussing the topic of Will Graham. That deserves both our full and undivided attention.” Nigel said, patting the back of the chair. “It would be in your best interest to sit down, Ms. Lounds, and not piss me off.”

“Are you his lover? You really should stay clear of him. You could do better.” Freddie did as she as told, but stuck to her guns. She tentatively watched as Nigel moved around to settle behind her. She didn’t feel that her life was in danger, not even when he tied her hands together behind the chair. She could read that much from the man. He was dangerous, but he wasn’t stupid. Ruining someone bloody in Hannibal’s kitchen would be stupid. “But then again, maybe you two would be good for each other.”

“Because you think he’s crazy?” Nigel smiled. It was dark and wrong and all teeth as let his fingers dig into tight red curls, making Freddie wince from his grip. “Will is complicated, not crazy. Just because it’s something you don’t understand doesn’t make it fucking wrong.”

Freddie took a breath, slow and steady to fake the bravery she didn’t have. Little did she know that Nigel could smell the fear on her, sour as vinegar. “And are you misunderstood?”

“Oh no, I’m wrong in all the best ways.” Nigel murmured sweetly into her ear as he took out his surprise from his pocket to glide the cool steel over her skin. He let the scissors edge along the soft flesh of her cheek so that she could catch a glimpse of the implement, and get an idea of what he was about to do to her. Locks of fiery hairy made soft sounds as they hit the tile, the noise of the scissors cutting through almost silken in tone.

“My hair!” Freddie yelped as Nigel leaned over her to snip away another chunk of curls.

“I think that you should look just as ugly on the outside as what you do on the inside.” Nigel mused. Freddie watched from the sides of her eyes, wide in horror as handful after handful fell all around her. Nigel took his time, trimming the curls as close to her skull as he could while leaving other random thick chucks of curls in pristine condition. He would make it a lost cause, to such an extent she would be forced to shave her own head.

“Why are you doing this?” Freddie said in a tight voice, flinching as more of her hair fell in pieces all around her in uneven lengths.

“I’m making a point. This time, your gorgeous fucking hair, but next time? Next time, I’m thinking it will be that beautiful pale skin of yours. I think I’ll cut out patches from it. Little, tender pieces from your thighs, breasts, back, and face like a fucking quilt.” He snipped the scissors twice next to her ear, sending the message home. She doesn’t move, letting her eyes slide smooth and slow to the side to face the scissors before they were pulled away. They were used one last time to cut her bindings, Nigel stepping back to allow her to get up and view his handiwork.

“I could always call the police.” Freddie said stiffly as she stood up to face him. She didn’t give him the pleasure of her reaching for her hair, though she wanted to paw at the bald spots where lush red curls had hung just moments before.

“No, you won’t.” Nigel shot back, tossing the scissors over his shoulder in favor of busying his hands with a smoke. “You’re smarter than that, but you know what you will do? You’re going to make a deal with me.”

“And why would I do that?” Freddie snapped. She was intrigued, despite her temper.

“Because you’re smart. Because you’re going to do your research about me when you leave here, and you’re going to find out that I am not a person to fuck around with. That I could make you disappear with a thought and one phone call.” Nigel smiled, blowing out silvery blue smoke at her. His throat still stung from the night before, but in a good way he liked. “Someone will always be keeping an eye on you after this, Ms. Lounds. So much as one ill word about my darling gets published by you, and I fucking swear, you will never see it coming. You‘ll feel every minute of it though.”

“So what’s this deal you mentioned? I keep failing to hear anything that might benefit me other than getting to keep my hair and skin intact.” Freddie said, leveling a look at Nigel who grinned at her back. She was a vicious thing, but clever.

“If you can behave, I promise you'll be able to go into any unseemly place full of unseemly people with protection.” Nigel said. “Don’t you ever get tired of serial killers kidnapping you or setting you up?”

"Followed or watched?” Freddie ventured, chewing her bottom lip. Being a woman had its advantages. It also had some distinct disadvantages. Someone watching her back with no other agenda but that could be useful to her.

“You’ll never know. You’ll take my offer, and stay away from my darling and our business. I’ll make it well worth your time.” Nigel shrugged. He wasn’t going to offer the deal again. He knew it. Freddie knew it.

“Are you offering me a guardian angel, or a devil for my shoulder?” Freddie asked, checking the horse’s teeth she had no say in buying.

"Call it what you want. It's your key into places you want to go." Nigel told her as he pulled her phone from his pocket. While she was busy catching it, he unloaded the gun, pocketing the shells before handing it back to her. "It's a done deal."

"Now get the fuck out."

OoOoO

"Where did he go?"

Will frowned as he looked around the aftermath of the crime scene, the agents and police finally departing from it. The killer had been sloppy, leaving behind a wealth of evidence. With Will's insightful profile and the team's findings, Jack was already sending agents and local law enforcement to collect their person of interest. Will's presence wasn't necessarily needed for that bit, so Hannibal made it a point to tell Jack that Will was done for the day, and as far as he was concerned, the rest of the next week as well.

"Nigel is an extremely impatient man." Hannibal sighed as he retrieved his phone, sending out a quick text from it. He was not pleased to find his car gone. He wanted to get Will home while he was still quite vulnerable and more open to suggestion. That and Nigel was a terrible driver. There would be blood if the Bentley had any scratches on it or cigarette burns or ash in it.

"He doesn't come off as one." Will said, taking a seat on a nearby bench. He was wiped, feeling sick and filthy from looking in places he'd rather not go. Pedophiles made him want to scrub his own skin off with steel wool until it bled.

"You are simply the exception to his impatience." Hannibal said, gracing Will with a slight smile before returning his attention to his phone. The answer to his inquiry was quick yet informative, the doctor reading it with a look of growing mirth.

"Nigel is home." Hannibal said as darkness danced in the corners of his eyes. It made Will uneasy. "He'll come for us as soon as he's done with some housework."

"Housework? What do you mean housework?" Will frowned. That could mean a world of possibilities. He didn't know if he was ready to see either of his lovers cleaning up blood just yet. He was dating a couple of killers, but that didn't mean he was ready for a front row seat.

"Just some sweeping."

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Your comments are the kittens that play with Freddie's lost locks. Your kudos sigh and try to clean up after them.

Double the pleasure, double the fun

Chapter Summary

Final chapter.
Nigel and Will have an argument. Hannibal gets irritated, and stuff happens. Sexy bedroom stuff.

Chapter Notes

Two words for you- double penetration.
You're welcome, perverts.
Not beta read.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You were talking to Freddie Lounds?”

Will really wasn’t in the mood to deal with this kind of shit. He was carrying ugly feelings heavy inside of him, and they were making him unwell. He needed to purge a killer from his mind, one who’d taken it upon himself to skin a child alive and leave him hanging from the monkey bars to bleed out.

Hannibal’s presence at the scene had helped bring Will back from places even angels feared to trend. The lonely spaces between where children with no tongues left in their heads cried for their parents, and bad men thought they could walk away free after creating hell on earth. It had been Hannibal’s soothing voice coming from the ravenstag’s maw that had led Will back to the land of the living, not beating wings dappled with blood.

The thought of Freddie Lounds there at the playground and playing a concerned parent just so she could take pictures of the mud that had been made out of the little boy’s vital fluids made Will nauseous with rage. It twisted within him, shimmering hot and violet blue like a lit match curling in on itself to burn fingers.

The last thing he had wanted to come back to was this. Freddie Lounds never meant anything good. Nigel mixed with her seemed like a new combination for napalm.

To the profiler’s ire, Nigel brushed off Will’s concern with a shrug, an easy smile pulling at his lips as he tapped out a cigarette from the soft pack. “We chatted.” He said in answer as though those simple words explained everything. It didn’t and it pissed Will off. Freddie

Lounds was not someone you chatted up, unless you wanted the funhouse mirror version of that conversation publicly posted.

“Why?” It wasn’t a question, it was a demand. Will took the smoke Nigel had so carefully placed between his lips to snap the bit of tobacco between his fingers and drop it into the sink.

“She was there and I was bored. I don’t see what the problem is with having a little conversation.” the words were edged with warning, smooth and sweet as poisoned honey.

Will was upset, and Nigel could see that now, knew why Will had caught Hannibal’s attention so completely when no one else could. There was another killer here in their midst, one who’s potential was endless and undefined. His becoming would be glorious.

“I can not stress to you how bad of an idea that is….was…ever. What did you tell her?” Will asked, even as he refused to meet Nigel’s eyes. He wouldn’t look at him. Hell, he couldn’t look at Hannibal. It wasn’t fair to punish one twin because he was angry at the other, but Will was forced to align his sight elsewhere in self defense. He couldn’t afford to become distracted by what he saw there in maroon eyes.

Although as his gaze wandered, it did make Will wonder why Hannibal had a painting of a little white dog in his kitchen. How long had that been there and how had he failed to notice it?

Again Nigel shrugged, though this time he didn’t pull out a cigarette, choosing to lean against the island behind him as he watched Will study Hannibal‘s art selection. He didn‘t get it either, but then interior décor really wasn‘t his thing. “Nothing of importance.” He tried to soothe.

Will laughed, the sound of it bleak and humorless “Nothing of importance?” He mimicked, mocking back as he whirled on Nigel to get well and good in the older man’s space.

“Freddie Lounds has a talent for making nothing into something. She could ruin Hannibal’s career if she even suspects…” Will growled, his blue grey eyes steely and trained on Nigel’s own now. He was beginning to think he’d make more progress talking to a wall. He was used to Freddie trying to ruin him one way or another, but the thought of her upsetting Hannibal’s life made Will realize how much he cared for the man, serial killer or not.

“Don’t worry about it, my darling.” Nigel sighed, dropping the edge from his voice to try and reason with Will, his hand trying to catch the profiler by his waist. Having none of it and not ready yet to forgive such carelessness, Will didn’t let those hands settle, pushing Nigel away from him.

“You have no idea who you are dealing with here!” Will snapped. He was on the verge of doing something unfortunate. Freddie might have to be neutralized on a permanent level. It was a good thing he was fucking the Chesapeake Ripper who probably had a kill room, if not several at his disposal to dismember a corpse in. For a minute there, things might have gotten complicated, Will mused sarcastically to himself.

A rough hand gripping his curls made Will look suddenly up at Nigel who stared back at him with dead eyes, cold as cut stones. “No.” The bad man from Bucharest warned, but it wasn’t for or at Will. “You have no idea who she’s dealing with. She is no longer a concern you have trouble yourself with.”

“What did you do?” Will hissed the words slowly, his anger making them keen things. If this was Nigel’s way of comforting him, he’d not only missed the train, but that station and the country it was in as well.

“I took care of it.” That cocky wolf’s grin was back, and this time, Will could easily pinpoint the shifting darkness and bright sparks of cruelty that lurked within it. This was a man who loved his work. “That’s what I do, darling. That’s my fucking job. I take care of things for other people, and I am very good at what I do.”

“Will I be seeing Ms. Lounds soon then?” Will spat out, honestly not knowing if he wanted a real answer or not to that. He also ignored the growing undefined disappointment that welled up inside him.

“I imagine one way or another.” Nigel chuckled darkly as he tightened his hold on Will, his fingers still threaded through curls. The movement was sharp enough it made Will gasp, his eyes watering as the pain of it agitated his always there headache.

The silver of a blade proved to be a better distraction from that pain than aspirin. A very sharp kitchen knife placed to Nigel’s throat from behind reminded both men that they had lost track of their third.

“Nigel…” Hannibal spoke in a tone of voice that would suggest that they were discussing what was for breakfast and knives to throats were for other people. “I would like you to let go of Will, and keep your hands to yourself if you can not be pleasant to him.”

“I can always be all sorts of pleasant to my darling Will. I happen to like where my fingers are, all working and attached.” Nigel winced as a razor edge nicked him quite intentionally. Hannibal’s hands were far too steady for such mistakes.

Making a show of letting go of Will, Nigel lifted his hands up in the air to help placate his twin. The tip of blade tapped his cheek in warning before metal left his neck. “I’m glad we understand each other.” Hannibal said from somewhere behind him. Nigel didn’t give Hannibal the pleasure of him turning around to confront, not with Will staring him down. Nigel liked how those stormy eyes tracked the blood that trailed down his neck to stain the white shirt’s collar.

“Always, my dear brother.” Nigel grinned, leaning into Will’s space, but carefully so not to touch him. The movement was enough to make Will tear his eyes away from the little wound and up to his bloody eyes.

“Now if you would care to share with us what you have done with Ms. Lounds, and if we will be reading about her or from her soon.” Hannibal said, sliding the knife back in its place with the rest. That little bit of violence seemed to have rendered Will mute, and the blood

transfixed. He glared as Nigel pressed his lips to Will's own to no response other than Will's eyes darting from brother to brother.

"I didn't take a pawn off your board." Nigel's grin was back, edged with pride at the nasty things he could do to other people. "All your pieces are still sitting right where you left them."

"Yes, but in what condition?" Hannibal pressed, not ignorant to his brother's methods. He went to stand beside them, placing himself closer to Will than Nigel. His presence was rewarded, Will leaning into his side and away from Nigel who's grin lost some of its virility at that.

"Are the black pieces painted white, or the white pieces black, or hell, did you paint all the fucking roses red?" Will pinched the bridge of his nose. His headache had upgraded itself to a migraine, and he was losing track of the conversation with people you didn't do that with. Fingers gripping Will's chin made him look up and over again.

"Calm yourself, my darling. I just gave an annoying cunt a haircut." Nigel told him. Another cigarette hung from his lips but his eyes were sincere. As far as Will could tell, he was telling the truth as absurd as it sounded to him.

"And how is this a good thing? She could press charges now. She could…" Will started and stopped. His chin had been let go so that Nigel could light his smoke but Will kept right on looking, catching up on what he was missing. He could already feel his stomach drop to bottom out in a painful manner. It was a small wonder to Will that he didn't have ulcers."…..but she won't. You've done or said something to make her reconsider such an action. It would be detrimental if she did, and beneficial to her if she didn't. What did you offer her?"

"Yes, Nigel. What did you offer Ms. Lounds for her silence?" Hannibal asked. He didn't sound mad, didn't look it either. Will peered up at the man he was leaning into, and only found curiosity waiting for him there. Hannibal knew his brother well enough to know he'd keep them all safe from danger. His only concern seemed to be how Nigel handled it and whether it would interfere with whatever he was planning. Because Hannibal was planning something. A mind and nature like that, Will knew something for someone was in the works.

"No, the question here is 'why', not 'what'." Hannibal might want to know about the method to the madness, but Will was still pissed at the source. "Why did you concern yourself with Freddie to begin with?"

"Maybe I didn't like what she was saying about you." Nigel shot back, going for carelessly spoken but failing. Will wasn't so easily detoured or fooled, which is why Nigel found himself loving him so dearly. The nicotine was doing nothing to ease his nerves into something more suave, Nigel breathing in the chemical for distraction.

"So what? People talk." Will closed his eyes, falling back to let Hannibal take his weight. If the man were to move now, Will knew he would fall over. He was exhausted though and his mind wasn't helping matters by tying itself up into knots while trying to wrap itself around Nigel's reasoning. This is what he got for sleeping with serial killers and madmen.

“Not about you.” Nigel said, blowing out silvery smoke as he leaned over to tap ash into the sink much to Hannibal’s ongoing ire. “Not anymore.”

Will rolled his eyes. How could grown men be so immature? “Especially about me. I’m the pet freak of the FBI. If she doesn’t, someone else will. Are you going to cut their hair off too?” he countered with an arched brow.

“If I feel like it.” Nigel shrugged, shifting uncomfortably from foot to foot as Hannibal settled his arms around Will, looking more content than he had any right to be.

“No, Nigel. No, you’re not.” Will stated, leaving no room for argument. He was tempted to throw something. Or steal Nigel’s cigarettes.

“I beg your pardon, darling? What did you say?” This time the smile wasn’t nearly so pleasant and it was meant for him, a warning for Will, his first one. Nigel flicked the butt of his smoke past Will into sink, even though he knew he would have to deal with Hannibal’s temper on that one later.

Shaking free of the hold upon him, Will pushed off of Hannibal to stand on his own two feet, grinning madly back at the killer who tried to loom over him. Nigel didn’t like being told what to do. Even more so, he didn’t like being told ‘no’. It was a big red button of fuckity boom Will found he was dying to press.

“I told you no.” Will growled back, brewing stormy eyes meeting blood tilled earth ones in challenge. I‘m a killer too, Will taunted in his head, and a better one than you. Nigel and Hannibal were limited to what they were. Will had a legion of psychosis to pull from. “I don’t need your protection…”

“…or anyone else’s.” Will added just in case Hannibal was feeling exempt from this little argument. “I can take care of myself. I don’t want a guardian angel.”

“How about a devil who doesn’t give a shit about what you want? You’re mine.” Nigel said, pushing the words out through bared teeth. He spoke with a familiar air of possession, the level of which that Will thought Hannibal was only capable of. Apparently, it was just another trait the twins shared. Hannibal’s need to own was just as grounded in Nigel as it was in him. Nigel had just been hiding it better as obsession. Razor thin lines ran between all emotions, letting them bleed into each other.

“No. he’s not.” Hannibal stepped in again, tired of being left out of this. Will could see he wanted to claim his own piece of him.

“No. I’m not.” Will stated even as let himself drift a little closer to the Ripper.

“He’s ours.” Hannibal corrected Nigel as he reached for Will. He could be Will‘s earth, the man‘s bedrock to anchor himself with.

“Ours.” Hannibal repeated to Nigel who could be Will’s water, keeping him afloat. In exchange, Will was the flame that made Hannibal want to create, the ultimate muse. To

Nigel, Will would be fresh air, an ocean wind that cleared out the boredom that was lingering dully within the man.

“Then let’s make him ours.” Nigel said , closing the space between him and Will so that the profiler was caught between psychopath and a sadist.

“You can’t be serious.” Will snapped, looking from one brother to the other even as hands began to strip him of his clothing. Four hand working together made short work of this.

“We’re having an argument!” Will yelled as his pants and underwear hit the floor and he was made to step out of them.

“Mistakes were made and I forgive you. There, argument over.” Nigel smirked, his broad hands settling on Will’s waist as Hannibal’s fell further downward to cup his ass, making Will go up on his toes in surprise. The new height and the precariousness of it were taken full advantage off, Nigel stealing a kiss and then Will completely.

“Nigel!” Will yelped as he was thrown over a broad shoulder. He pushed against his back in a weak attempt for escape.

“Hannibal!” Will yelled in search of an ally. The grin on Hannibal’s face told him there was none here for him, the good doctor already taking off his tie as he followed the pair.

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“Hey, Hanni.” Nigel said as he threw Will onto the bed to make him bounce with an indignant squawk. “I’ve got an idea.”

Not liking the sound of that, Will tried to slip off of the bed. He didn’t get very far of course, Hannibal on one side of him, and Nigel on the other with Will in the middle feeling very much like a piece of meat. In his opinion, the situation didn’t improve itself as the twins got just as naked and started to discuss things over Will’s head.

The change of dialect was cause for concern especially when your lovers were a pair of intelligent, high functioning psychopaths. Staying on top of the finer details was imperative to one’s survival.

“What are you discussing that I can’t be a part of?” Will snapped, trying not to sound petulant about it. The last time the twins had a private discussion around him, the result of it had ended with him being fucked up against a ladder by a very jealous Hannibal. The experience wasn’t as comfortable as one might think, and Will was feeling less than eager about a repeat performance.

Reaching into a nightstand’s drawer, Hannibal handed a small glass bottle over to his brother, another flurry of guttural words happening between them as they ignored Will’s question. Though Will might not be able to understand the words being said, he could easily follow the context due to his empathy. Hannibal was offering up an explanation for the bottle and its

contents while Nigel was laughing a retort about it which Will safely assumed pertained to the quality of the product or necessity of the item itself.

Will knew he was going to experience the bottle's contents on a deep personal level when Hannibal grabbed for him, Will's back held to a fuzzy chest as Hannibal leaned them up comfortably against the headboard. As Nigel parted his legs to sit between them, Will was kept easily in place while rough finger slicked with something smelling of cedar and jasmine was pushed between the mounds of his ass to slip into his entrance.

His gasping and protests at the sudden intrusion upon his person was swallowed down by Hannibal's mouth over his own as a second finger slipped inside him too soon, working his rim open with slow fanning thrusts.

"I apologize for our behavior, darling. That was rather rude of us." Nigel mumbled in Will's inner thigh, nipping at it. He watched with interest as he pushed a third finger into Will to have the man shudder in answer. He hummed into the kisses he left on Will's skin when he felt Will tighten around him, gripping the digits that worked to push him apart. "We were just discussing all the different ways to fuck you."

"If we're going to be sharing you, it's something that needs to be discussed at length, don't you think? Who gets to fuck you, where and when. The how is also important." Nigel chuckled, hearing Will groan into Hannibal's mouth in answer. His twin was stroking Will's chest, clever fingers finding nipples to pinch and twist them at his leisure.

"Ha-Hannibal!" Will protested with a stutter. He was allowed to do so when Hannibal's thin lips moved downward to taste his throat with open mouthed kisses, tongue darting to sample salted skin.

"No, darling. Hannibal is the one holding your hips. I'm the one pushing inside you." Nigel reminded, doing just that as he worked his fingers in deeper to crook them inside Will. He found the places where nerves were hidden, the ones that made Will cry out and struggle between them.

"Ni-" He cried out, unsure whose, if any name he should be calling while both men molested him. "Hann.."

"I'm sorry darling, I didn't quite hear that." Nigel mouthed into his flesh, selfishly leaving behind bite marks on Will's thighs so that when he walked he would feel the reminder. A fourth finger pushing into Will, making him hiss at the slight pain of being stretched further than he had ever been before. "Who were you calling for?"

"It's rude to mumble. You should speak more clearly," Hannibal added, his lips too close to Will's ear to be ignored. His voice was sin itself coupled with a tongue that taunted Will's earlobe.

Will couldn't understand why he was being made to stand up now, fingers leaving him in a rush. The lack of stimuli made him feel robbed as Will tried to find his balance on the mattress. Two pairs of hands on his body helped him in this endeavor.

“Oh no, you know what happens to the rude in this house, don‘t you?” Nigel grinned like a cat on crack up at him as the twins shifted into place around him.

“They get eaten“ was said by one of them, but fuck if Will knew by who. He was too busy trying remember how to inhale and exhale as his cock was swallowed down by Hannibal and his ass was tongued by Nigel. All Will could do was hang onto the silvery lock of hair on Hannibal’s head, and gasp out unintelligible sounds. He knew he was going to come like this, his pleasure being pulled out of him. One tongue pushed into him while another ran down along his length to tease his head. Someone’s hands were on his balls, massaging the fragile softness of them in time to tongues working in and on him.

It was all too much and too sudden, and all Will could do was hold on for dear life. He was leaning more over onto Hannibal than standing up, Nigel’s hands on his ass keeping the flesh parted there anchored him in place as well. More sounds were coming out of Will’s mouth, but he wasn’t sure if he was praying, begging, cursing, or wailing a combination of all three.

“Perhaps he was calling my name….” Hannibal said, pulling back longer enough to taunt before taking Will back into his mouth down to the root. He deliberately swallowed, his throat clamping down on the cock that was scraping him hoarse.

“Don’t try to confuse him Hanni, I don’t think he knows what he’s doing.” Nigel teased, pushing his slick fingers back in to make Will arch between them, rendered mute by it.

Shuddering, Will’s hands left off Hannibal’s hair to dig blunt nails into the man’s broad shoulders. Will fought to keep from climaxing so early in the game of them, biting his lip hard enough to draw blood. He tried to move away from Nigel only to feel a tongue flicking in between the fingers that held him open. It was enough to make him come, Will sagging forward into the mouth that encased him.

A cry bordering on a whine from Will was straggled out, but for all the wrong reasons. Hannibal slid his mouth off of his cock to replace it with his hand, his grip bearing down on the base of Will’s swollen cock. Will fell back against Nigel upon realizing that he was being denied the pleasure of release.

“Nigel, please…” Will moaned, desperate and panting. He would beg one if the other denied him, Nigel’s fingers still in him. His lips fell upon Nigel’s own, pleading and nipping at the other man for what he wanted, the kiss hungry and bloody.

“Please.” Will licked the sounds of his need into Nigel’s mouth, giving himself over fully to the man behind him. Nigel took Will into his arms, laying them back as gentle as he could as Hannibal shoved their legs apart, his hand still cruelly upon Will in denial.

“My poor darling…” Nigel chuckled darkly, holding Will close to him as Hannibal reached for the lube to coat his own fingers with it. They squelched noisily as they entered Will, intent on preparing his further for them, pushing the edge of his thumb into that tight heat. “Welcome to limbo.”

Pressing a gentle kiss behind Will’s ear, Nigel smiled at his brother as a few more words Will couldn’t understand were exchanged between them.

“Neither of you are being very nice to me right now.” Will groaned, his sensitive cock at last released as more fingers filled him, not knowing how many were working in and out of him. With a fumbling hand, he reached for himself, needing release that sat low and throbbing in his gut. He ended up hissing when teeth latched onto his neck and strong hands batted his own away.

“What did I tell you before, darling? There will be no touching yourself.” Nigel tutted, grinning at Will’s wild, desperate look. “No need to get too comfortable in this limbo. I promise it is not your final destination. We’ll be along soon enough to hasten you there.”

“I must agree with Nigel, William. You have two partners now. There is no reason for you to be pleasuring yourself unless you wish to deprive us of our own.” Hannibal lectured even as they shifted Will between them. Nigel directed Will’s movements, looping his arms under Will’s legs to draw them back. It made Will feel terribly exposed even though he had been naked around both of them before. Looking down at himself, Will watched as Hannibal touched his twin, Nigel sighing out long and loud as his cock was slicked up by hands so similar to his own, and pillows were shoved under his butt.

“I’m don‘t remember agreeing to this.” Will mockingly argued, breath hitching as Hannibal parted the globes of his ass to allow Nigel’s fat cockhead to nestle up against his hole. Ever in control, Hannibal’s strong hands reaching up to grip Will’s hips. He guided him to bear down onto the shaft waiting for him, forcing Will to skewer himself on his twin’s length.

“You don’t have to agree.” Nigel groaned out in time to the quiet gasps from Will as he took his cock inch by inch inside himself. “We’re bad men, remember? We’ll do what we want.”

“You’re shameless,” Will gasped as he hit bottom, Nigel settled deep inside him. They stayed still like that, with Will’s weight pressing Nigel into the mattress. Slicking up his own cock, Hannibal mapping out the sensitive planes of Will’s skin with his free hand, following the curve of ribs to pert nipples, pinching the sensitive buds.

“You fucking love it.” Nigel rasped, trying his best to stay still and not thrust into Will. Damn Hannibal, and his need for foreplay.

Shifting beneath him, Nigel began a gentle rocking motion for Will to fall into as he tried to focus his mind on the two sets of hands upon him. One pair followed the flesh of his sides and teased his chest with hot lips biting kisses into his skin. The other held his hips in place and took his cock in hand, leisurely pumping his shaft. Will knew the pleasuring would end in a tightly held pinch though if he came too close to his release before they were finished with him.

When a finger slid in alongside Nigel’s cock, it dragged out a startled cry from Will that had Nigel gently soothing him with quiet hushes and foreign words. Light kisses alighted up the length of his jaw, the hand upon his cock increasing its languid pump to pull more pleasure edged with desperation from Will as a second finger was added to his hole, stretching his rim more. It didn’t take a genius to figure out what they were prepping him for, not with Hannibal slipping a third finger in and out of his entrance with Nigel’s still shifting cock.

“You’re not going to fit.” Will moaned, an edge of panic to his voice as Hannibal’s finger crooked to press against his prostate. “It’s going to hurt.” He tried to reason with them, a sadist and psychopath, arching back as Hannibal mercilessly found his prostate again.

“You would be surprised.” Were Hannibal’s chosen words of comfort before gripping chocolate curls between fingers and pulling Will into a crushing kiss, the digits that had filled him freed. They were replaced too soon, the mushroom tip of Hannibal’s cock pushing against his entrance to slip past the rim before forcing the extra girth up into Will’s heat.

“That’s it my darling,” Nigel soothed, stroking slow circles over shivering skin. Will’s cries had died down, the noise of them eaten up by Hannibal. “Just relax,” he murmured into Will’s shoulder as Hannibal pushed inch after inch further into him, until he was at last fully seated within the quivering man.

Will whimpered into the kiss, body tense as he took in both men, struggling with his inner muscles to relax around the new pressure that filled him so completely as both brothers worked to soothe him. Hannibal’s hands were doing wonderful things to his cock, sliding his thumb over Will’s sensitive slit with every pump of his shaft. Nigel’s hands were skimming their calming circles over smooth planes of skin, stroking his sides in slow circles to ghost the length of his stomach to one quivering hip before stroking his inner thigh and sliding their way back to a nipple before doing it all again.

“You are doing very well, William,” Hannibal praised as he tilted Will’s head back to make blown eyes meet each other. Swallowing hard, Will nodded as he felt Nigel wrap one strong around his waist, the other coming to press against the bed as hips began to really move now. “Beautifully well.”

“Relax.” Hannibal said before captured gasping lips in an almost chaste kiss. “We will take care of you.” he promised, his usually composed voice faltering as he steadied Will and shifted his hips to create a slow rhythmic thrust of his own in direct counter to Nigel‘s own. It made Will aware of how painfully full he was, stretched so tight he could feel every twitch of the cocks within him. They moved against each other at their own paces, Hannibal’s position allowing him to make quicker thrusts that made Will want to scream while Nigel’s cock remained deep seated, moved slower thanks to his bottom position. He was angled in such a way though that it still managed to find Will’s prostate with every other thrust. It all left Will reeling, only able to offer up strangled cries as he gripped the bedding.

“Fuck, you’re good. You feel amazing.” Nigel growled. He drove himself in just as Hannibal managed more centered thrusts, rocking Will’s body with his movements. Making no attempt to reciprocate, Will knew he was only along for the ride, being held easily in place between the twins. All he tried to do was hold himself steady, getting too lost in pleasure to really care about anything else, his body shaking from the intensity of it.

Capturing his parted lips, Hannibal swallowed down more of Will’s little helpless noises, pushing his cock into that tight heat as Nigel began to pull out. It beginning to be too much for Will to handle, too much sensation with so many hands upon him. So much want and need for his flesh, the kind of which he had never known before. Trying to express this, Will found his voice lost as the twins continued to move within him, each keeping their own pace.

Nigel hissed, moaning foreign words of passion into Will's skin as he buried himself again. "You're too fucking good to us darling," he whispered, showering his lover with kisses along his nape and shoulders as another lewd noise was driven from Will.

Hannibal smiled, raising his hips and stealing another kiss from slack lips as blunt nails dug into sheets, ruining them. Hips squirming, Will tried to accommodate the massive sexes within him, every powerful thrust making Will's entire being stagger and groan. His limits were being sorely tested.

"I-I can't…" Will finally managed to form words. He had been kept at his limit for too long. He felt like he was drowning in need- Hannibal's, Nigel's and his own. Unable to help himself as beads of cum pooled on his tip, Will bowed his head. The pressure within him, moving and shifting over everything, pushed him beyond reason or rational thought.

Will was vaguely aware of Hannibal licking his way back into his mouth, mapping out the inside of it. He stole Will's breathe while doing so, making him light headed. Will was made more dizzy by the words being whispered into his ear, Nigel's voice a continuous stream of blessings, curses, and praises in languages Will couldn't place. He was breaking down and apart, and there was nothing he could do about it but let himself go.

"I can't!" Will all but sobbed out, his body quaking as he tried to stay his climax for them. He didn't want to be denied again by either.

"Then don't, darling. Cum for us." Nigel purred sin and salvation into Will's ear. He pushed in as deep as he could, burying himself to drag another moan from the man above him.

Hannibal joined his brother with a hard thrust, sanguine watching blue as Will came closer and closer to his peak. Pinned in place, he clenched tight as he shot his release over Hannibal's chest in slick spurts, his orgasm reached at last. It leeched all his strength with it.

Shaking from the intensity of his orgasm, Will was lost in an euphoric haze, his limbs pleasantly numb. He was only vague aware of Nigel reaching his end, the man's sharp teeth cutting into his neck. Will barely felt the pain of it though, too blissed out to care. Always in control, Hannibal was last, adding his own essence to mix with Nigel's in Will. His core filled another hot burst, Will was made to look into Hannibal's eyes as he finished, the Ripper pouring himself out into the empath until he was filled to the brim. No room was left for other murderers, not the pedophile from this morning, not Hobbs, no one else.

"Fuck…" Nigel purred dark and low, easing himself out of Will as Hannibal did the same to let the man fall to the side. "…that was fucking amazing."

"You must be tired, Will," Hannibal murmured, Will's eyes already falling shut with exhaustion. To his credit, Will did try to respond, but only got as far as some eye fluttering and unintelligible groaning. He felt weak but in a good way.

Will realized he must had dozed off at some point. He become aware or at least enough to know that he was being held by Nigel, cradled in the man's arms. Hannibal was there as well, cleaning them off. The clothe he used was soothingly warm and moist with something that left Will's skin feeling refreshed.

A small conversation was held over his head again. Too fucked out to bitch at them about it, Will quietly decided the twins really needed to stop doing that or he would have to learn their language on the sly in self defense. The outcome of the exchange was that Will was traded off to Hannibal, Nigel getting out of bed while his brother took his place as Will‘s keeper.

Opening his eyes, Will made a noise of protest as he watched Nigel slip on a robe and root through their discarded clothing. The sound made Nigel look over at him with a grin, showing Will the objects of his search.

“I’ll be right back, darling.” Nigel said, leaning on the bed to press a kiss to Will’s forehead and then one to Hannibal’s as well who tried not to look surprised about it.

“Rest.” Will was told by Hannibal as he pulled up the covers to tuck them both in. Surrounded by warmth and lulled back into sleep, Will felt a strange peace being so wanted or loved. It was something he could get used to as Will settled in closer to Hannibal. Even while falling into slumber, he knew he would kill to keep it.

Grinning at his lovers, Nigel made his way out of the bedroom only to pause in the doorway to light his smoke before heading downstairs. His sole purpose in mind was to raid Hannibal’s refrigerator and bar.

“I should take your hand for that.” was thrown at Nigel’s back by his brother. They both knew it was meaningless threat, mostly because it would mean Hannibal would have to leave Will alone to go after him. Nothing short of the FBI kicking in his front door was going to make Hannibal leave this bed or the prize sleeping in his arms. Hannibal knew this, and Nigel knew this, both brothers smiling in their own unique way at their strange life.

“It was technically out of the room.” Nigel teased softly back as to not disturb their beloved. Fortune favored the bold, and faint hearts never won fair love. Only time would tell if they could keep this unconventional life of theirs going.

In this moment though, it was just about as near to perfection as it was going to get.

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The End

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Your comments ride on top of Nigel while your kudos take it on hands and knees from Hannibal. Will gets cuddled by the authors because, DAMN! That boy got fucked out during this fic.

End Notes

Thank you for reading, your kudo's consider the ladder to Hannibal's desk, your comments are trying to choose between the doctor and his brother.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!